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JANUARY.

Alfred Tennyson.

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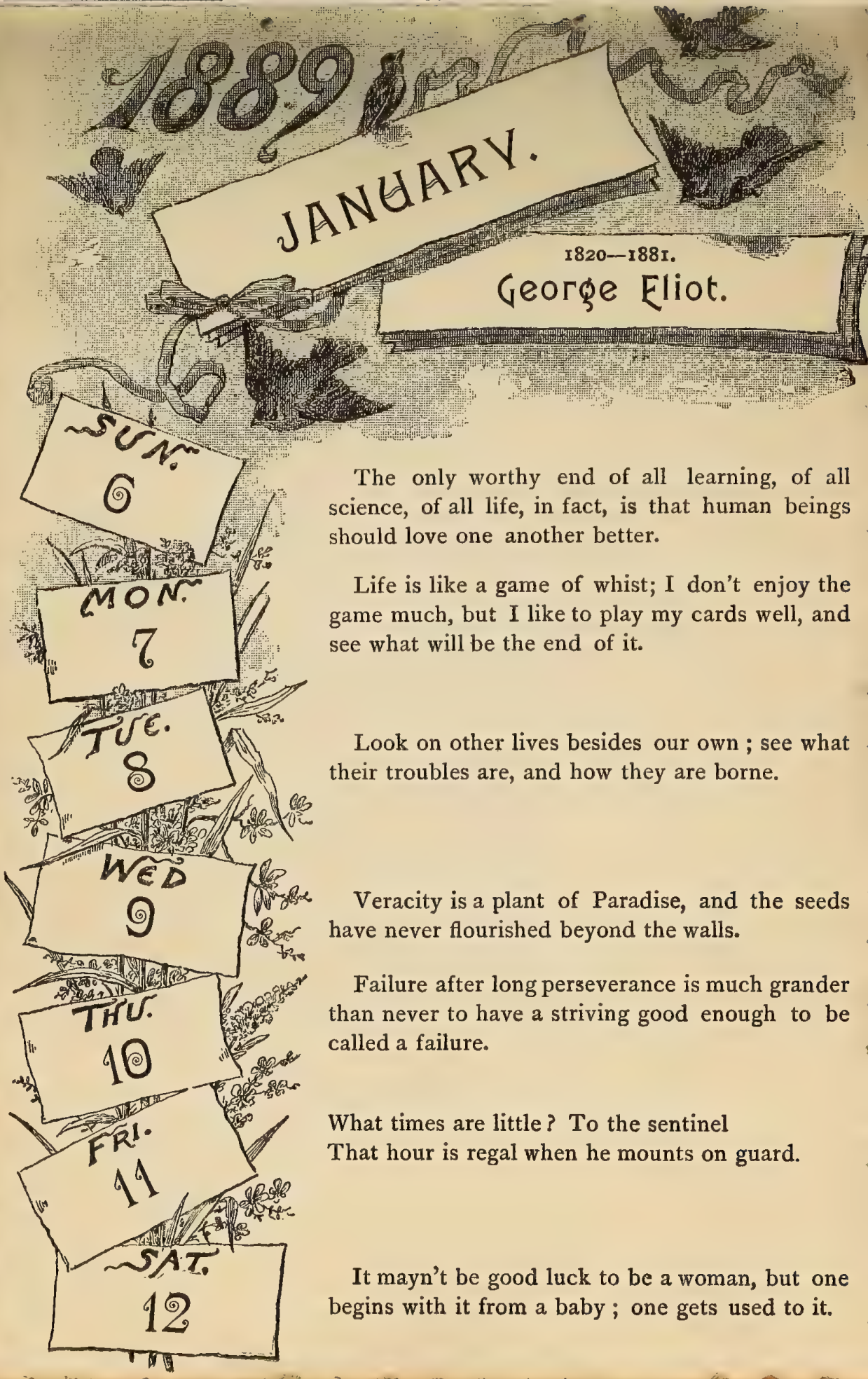
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Happy days
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

Ah ! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,—

But well I know
That unto him who works and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the pro-
cess of the suns.



The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better.

Life is like a game of whist; I don't enjoy the game much, but I like to play my cards well, and see what will be the end of it.

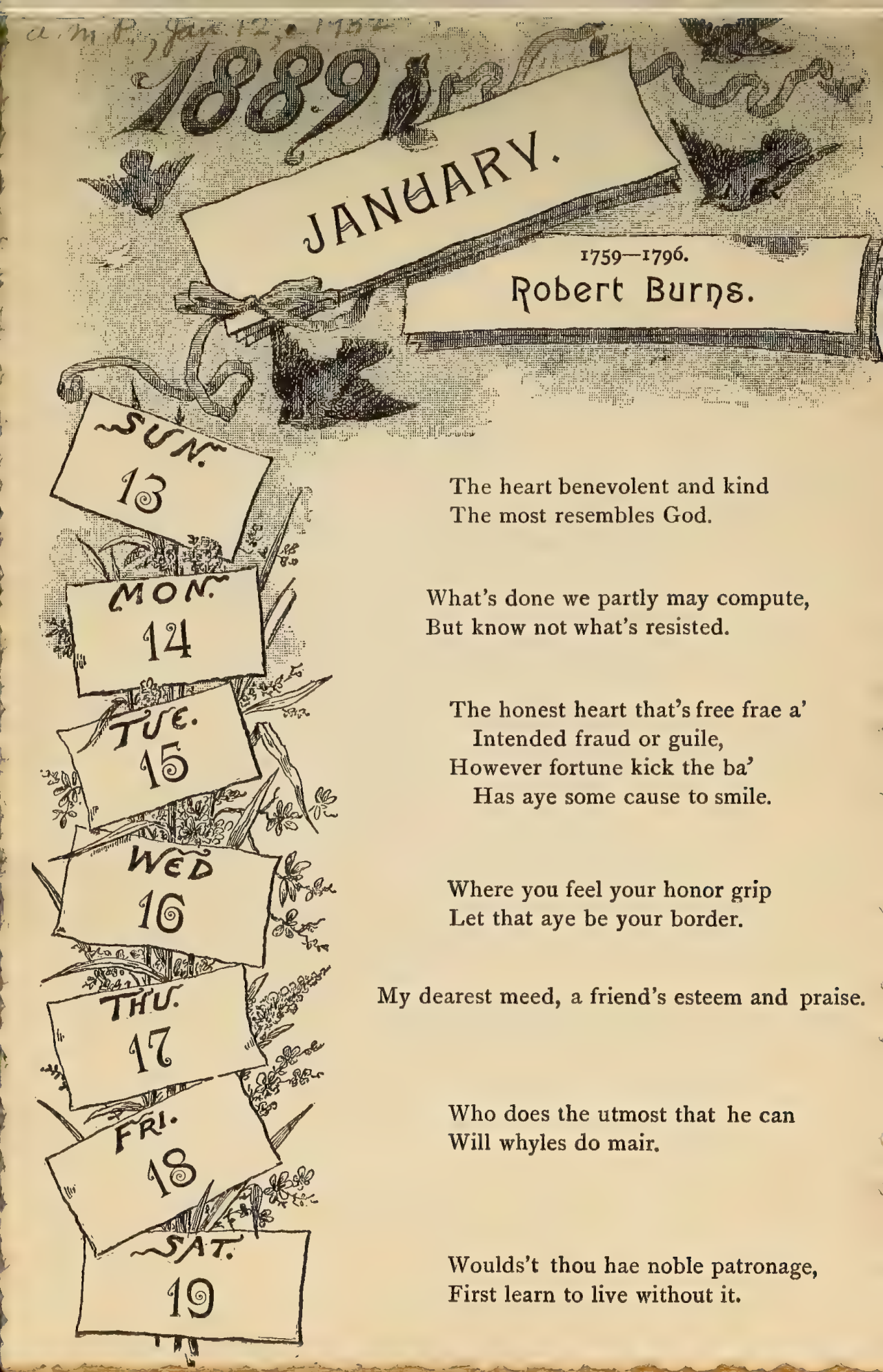
Look on other lives besides our own; see what their troubles are, and how they are borne.

Veracity is a plant of Paradise, and the seeds have never flourished beyond the walls.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.

It mayn't be good luck to be a woman, but one begins with it from a baby; one gets used to it.



The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

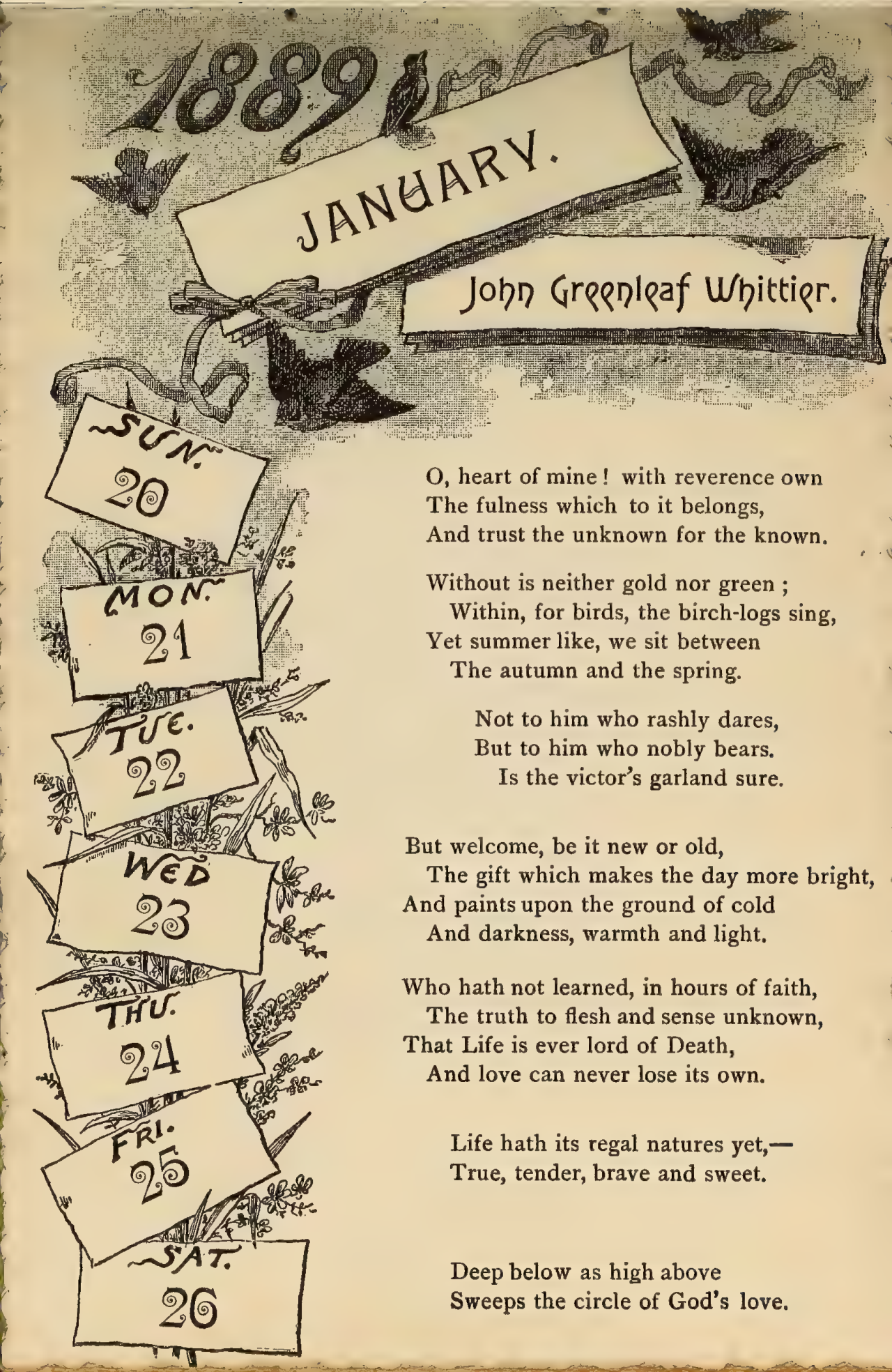
The honest heart that's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However fortune kick the ba'
Has aye some cause to smile.

Where you feel your honor grip
Let that aye be your border.

My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.

Who does the utmost that he can
Will whyles do mair.

Woulds't thou hae noble patronage,
First learn to live without it.



O, heart of mine! with reverence own
The fulness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known.

Without is neither gold nor green;
Within, for birds, the birch-logs sing,
Yet summer like, we sit between
The autumn and the spring.

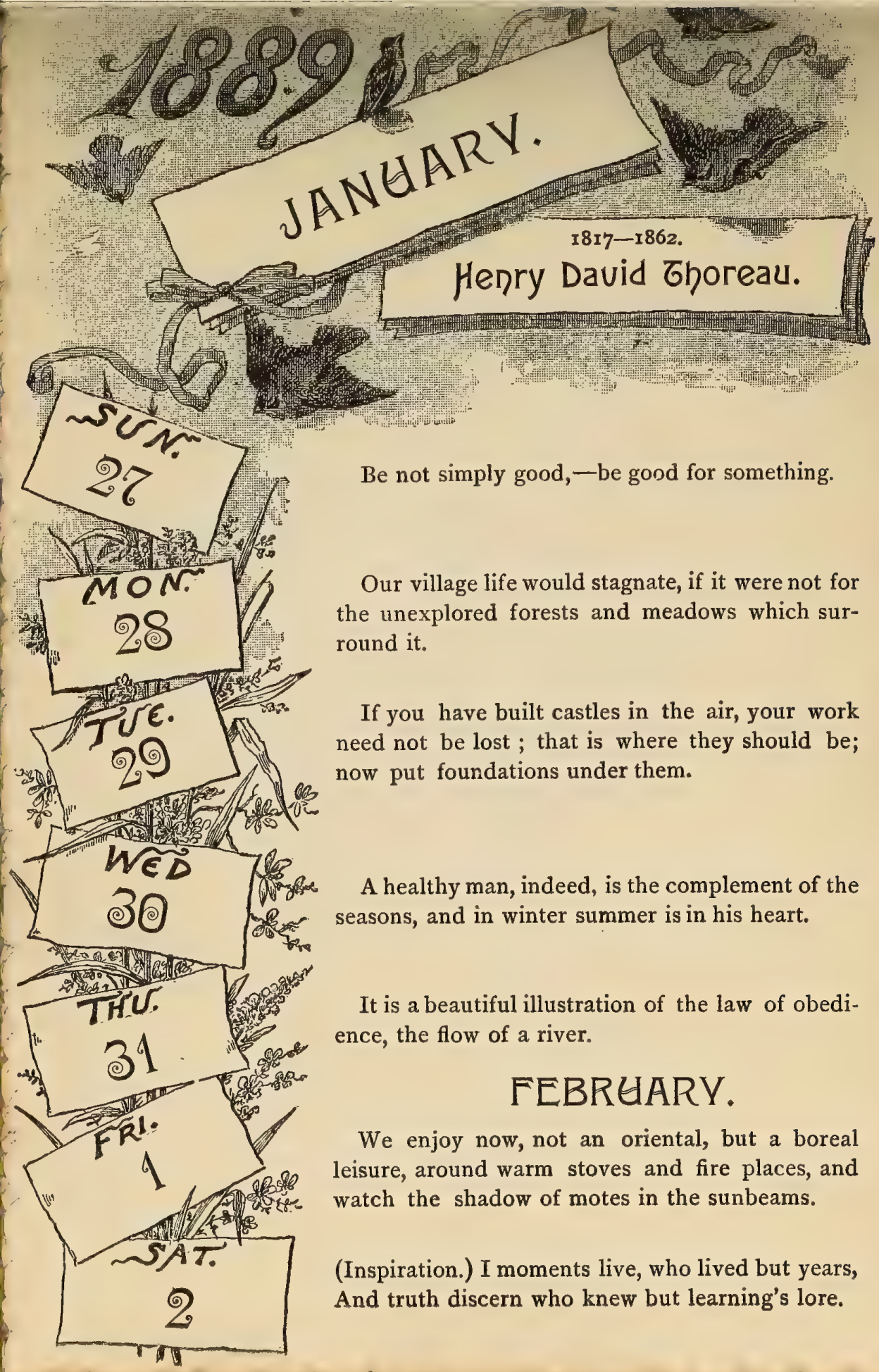
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears.
Is the victor's garland sure.

But welcome, be it new or old,
The gift which makes the day more bright,
And paints upon the ground of cold
And darkness, warmth and light.

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And love can never lose its own.

Life hath its regal natures yet,—
True, tender, brave and sweet.

Deep below as high above
Sweeps the circle of God's love.



Be not simply good,—be good for something.

Our village life would stagnate, if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost ; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.

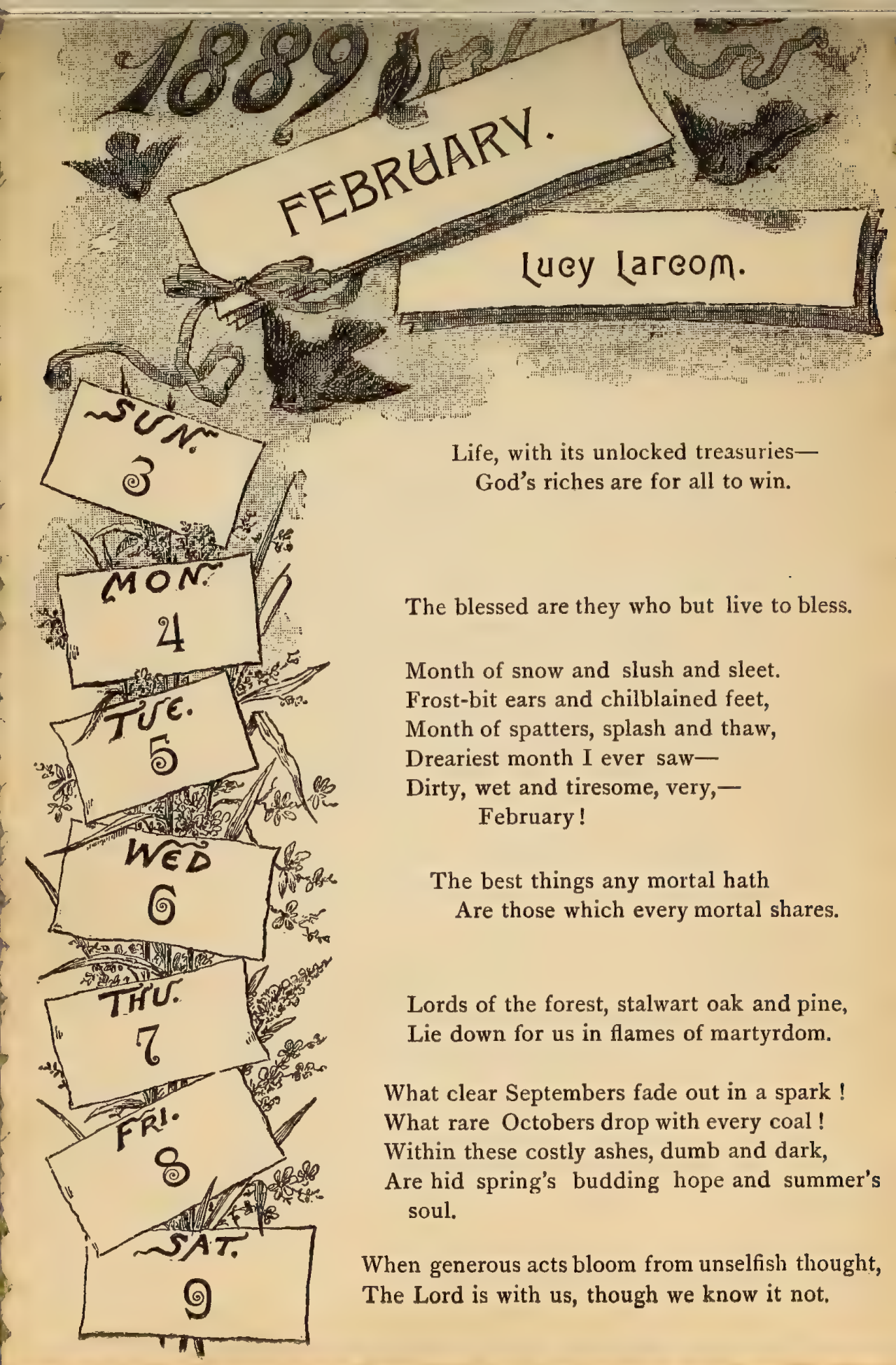
A healthy man, indeed, is the complement of the seasons, and in winter summer is in his heart.

It is a beautiful illustration of the law of obedience, the flow of a river.

FEBRUARY.

We enjoy now, not an oriental, but a boreal leisure, around warm stoves and fire places, and watch the shadow of motes in the sunbeams.

(Inspiration.) I moments live, who lived but years,
And truth discern who knew but learning's lore.



Life, with its unlocked treasuries—
God's riches are for all to win.

The blessed are they who but live to bless.

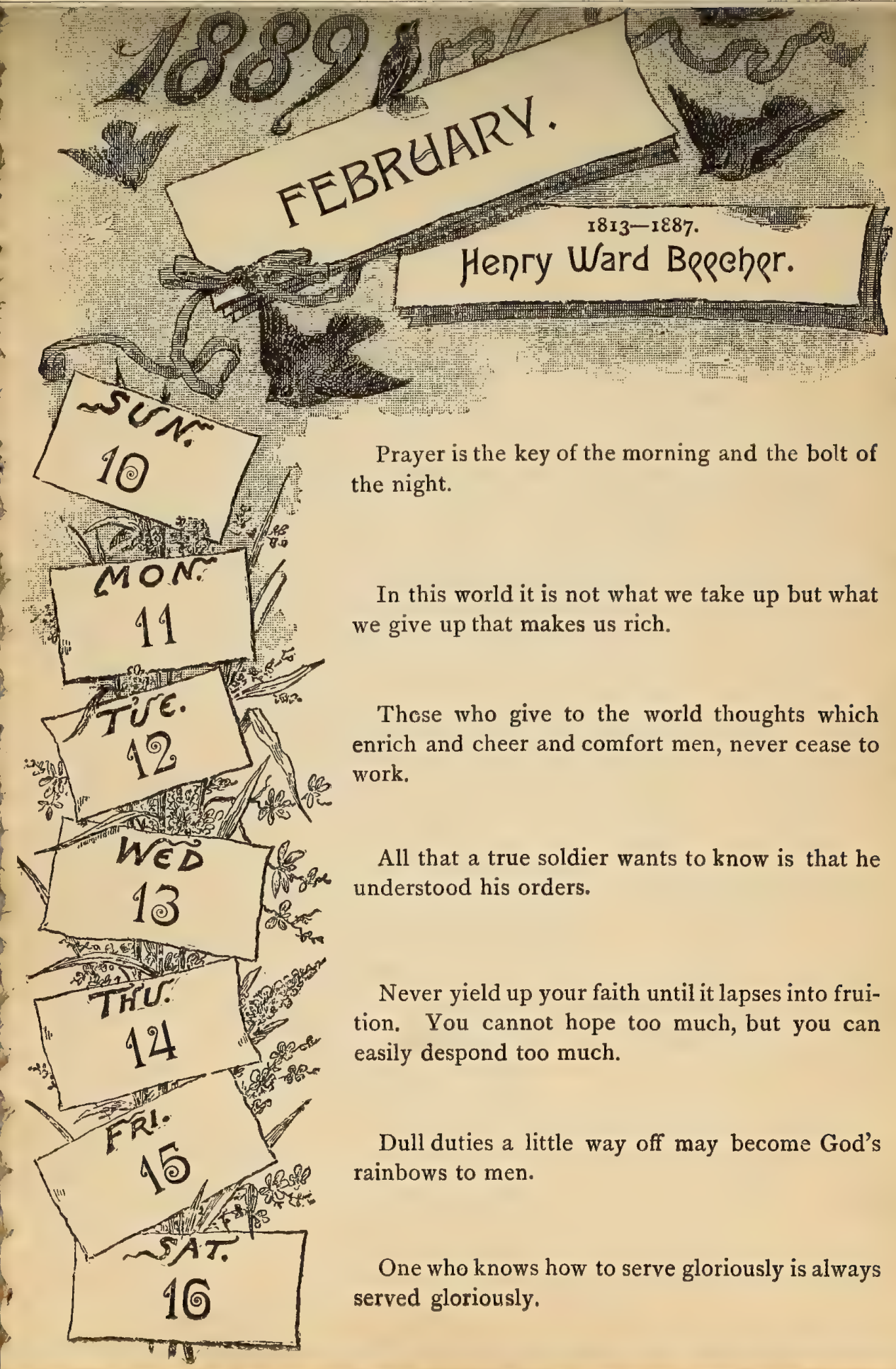
Month of snow and slush and sleet.
Frost-bit ears and chilblained feet,
Month of spatters, splash and thaw,
Dreariest month I ever saw—
Dirty, wet and tiresome, very,—
February!

The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

Lords of the forest, stalwart oak and pine,
Lie down for us in flames of martyrdom.

What clear Septembers fade out in a spark!
What rare Octobers drop with every coal!
Within these costly ashes, dumb and dark,
Are hid spring's budding hope and summer's soul.

When generous acts bloom from unselfish thought,
The Lord is with us, though we know it not.



Prayer is the key of the morning and the bolt of the night.

In this world it is not what we take up but what we give up that makes us rich.

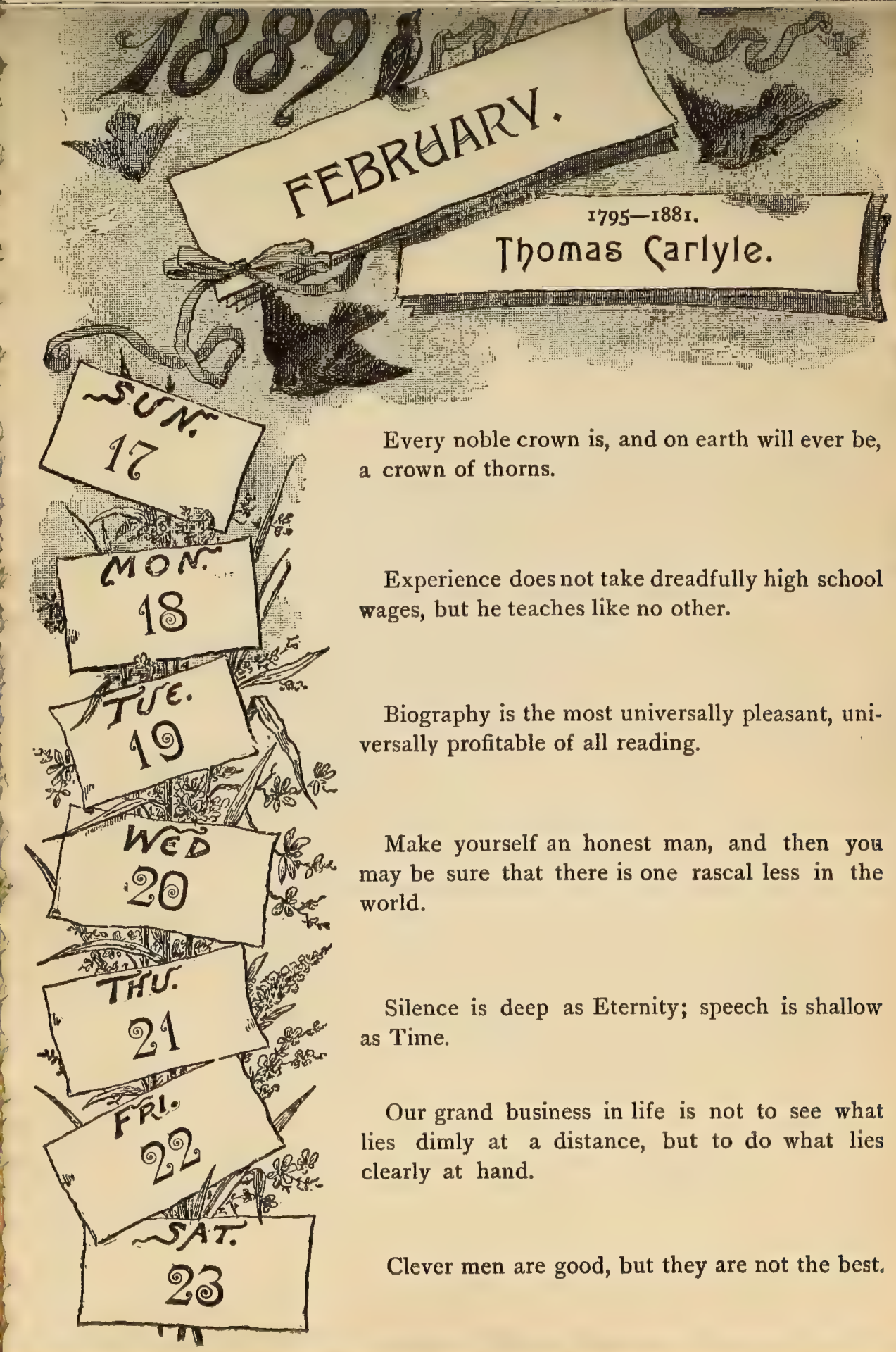
Those who give to the world thoughts which enrich and cheer and comfort men, never cease to work.

All that a true soldier wants to know is that he understood his orders.

Never yield up your faith until it lapses into fruition. You cannot hope too much, but you can easily despond too much.

Dull duties a little way off may become God's rainbows to men.

One who knows how to serve gloriously is always served gloriously.



Every noble crown is, and on earth will ever be, a crown of thorns.

Experience does not take dreadfully high school wages, but he teaches like no other.

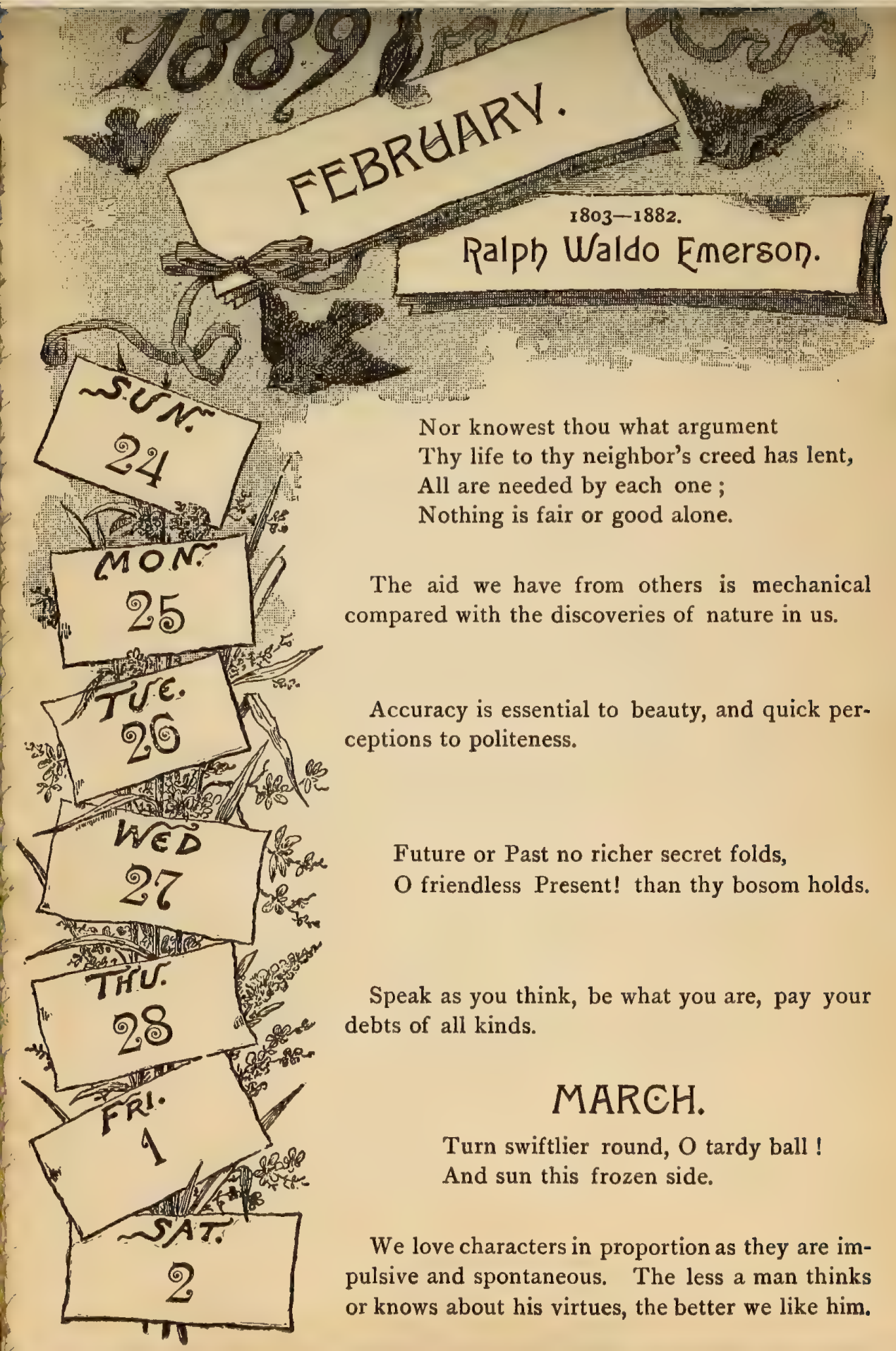
Biography is the most universally pleasant, universally profitable of all reading.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.

Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.



Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent,
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

The aid we have from others is mechanical compared with the discoveries of nature in us.

Accuracy is essential to beauty, and quick perceptions to politeness.

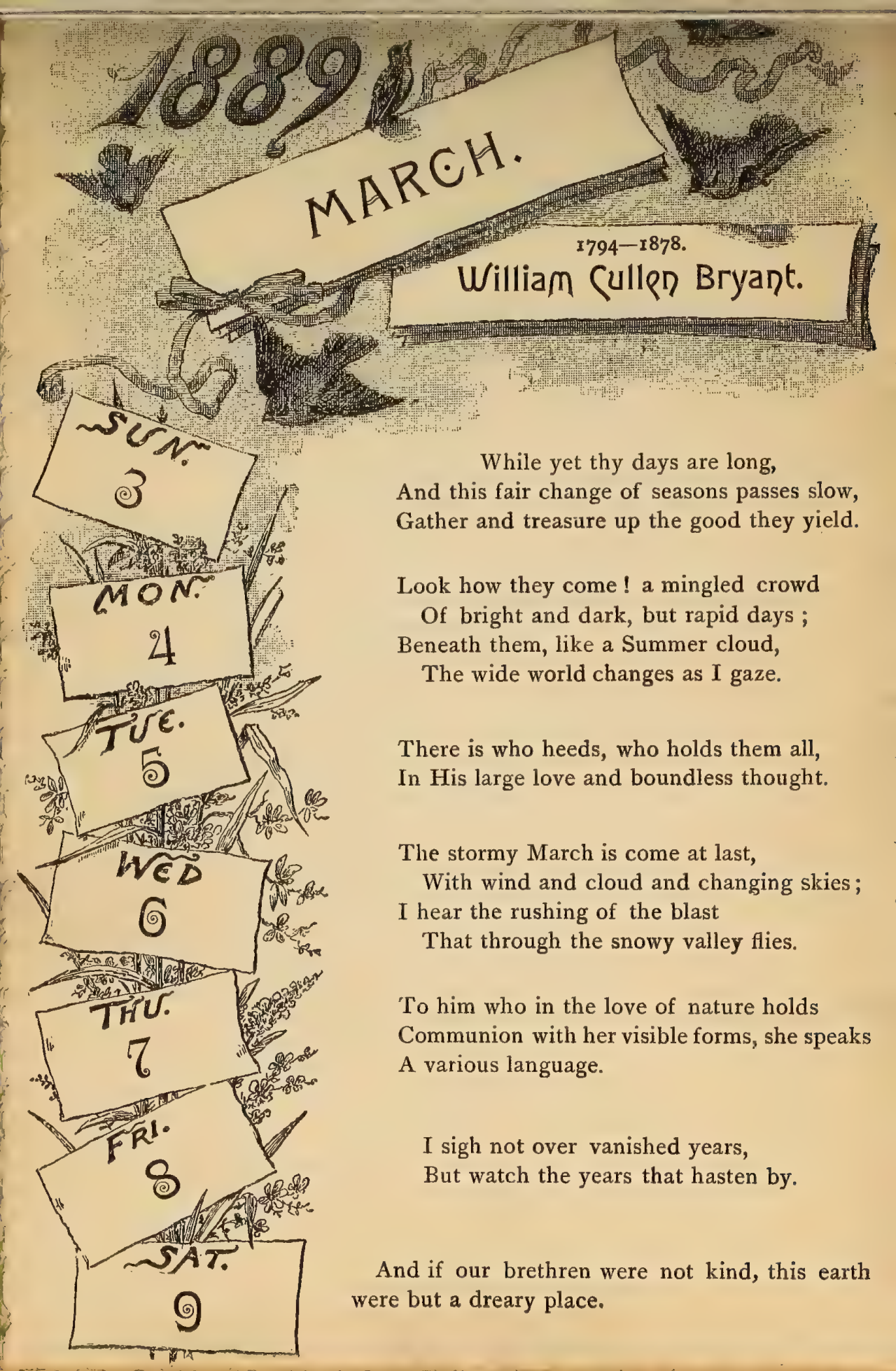
Future or Past no richer secret folds,
O friendless Present! than thy bosom holds.

Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds.

MARCH.

Turn swiftlier round, O tardy ball!
And sun this frozen side.

We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous. The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues, the better we like him.



While yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield.

Look how they come! a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a Summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

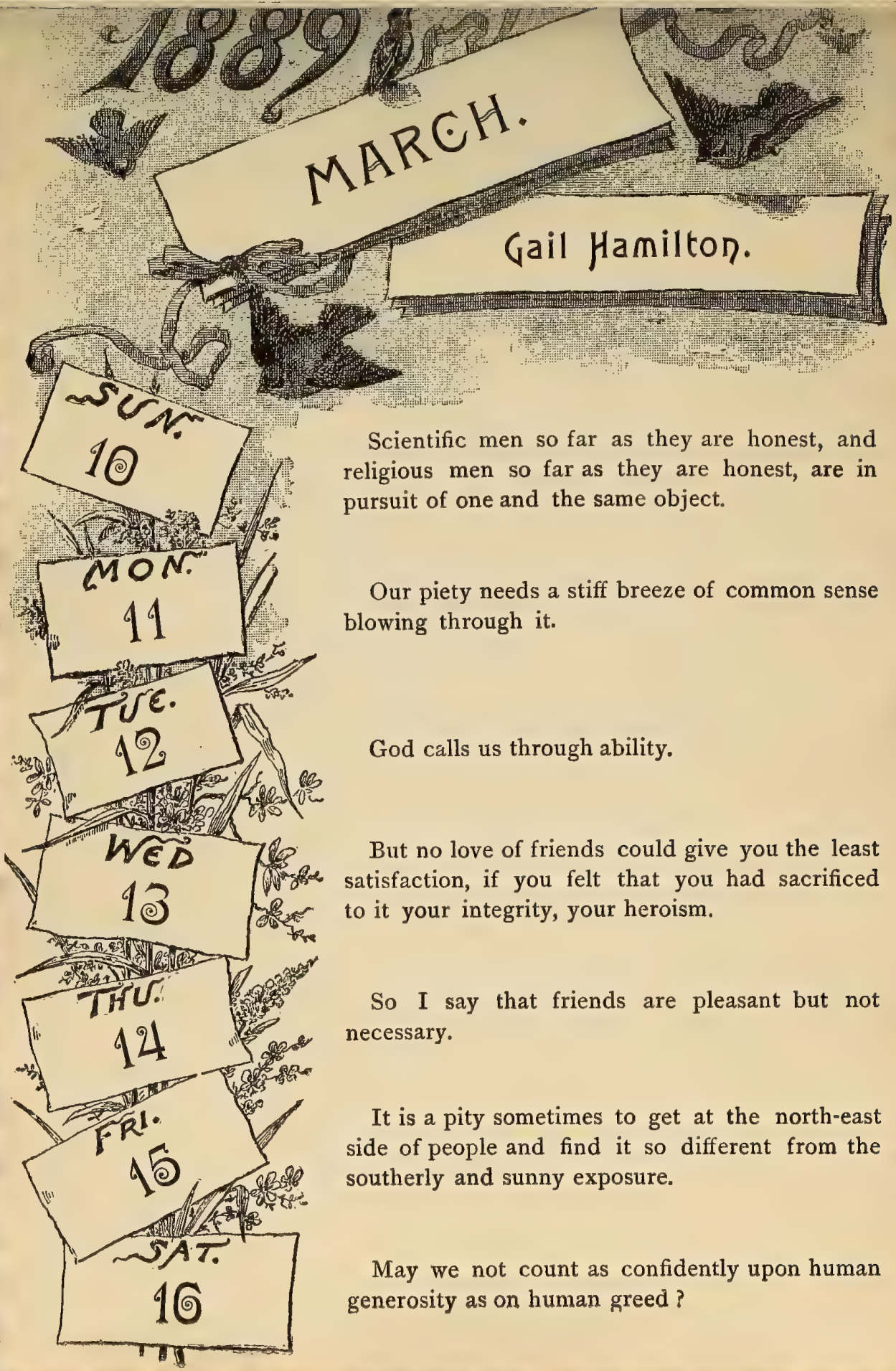
There is who heeds, who holds them all,
In His large love and boundless thought.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

And if our brethren were not kind, this earth were but a dreary place.



Scientific men so far as they are honest, and religious men so far as they are honest, are in pursuit of one and the same object.

Our piety needs a stiff breeze of common sense blowing through it.

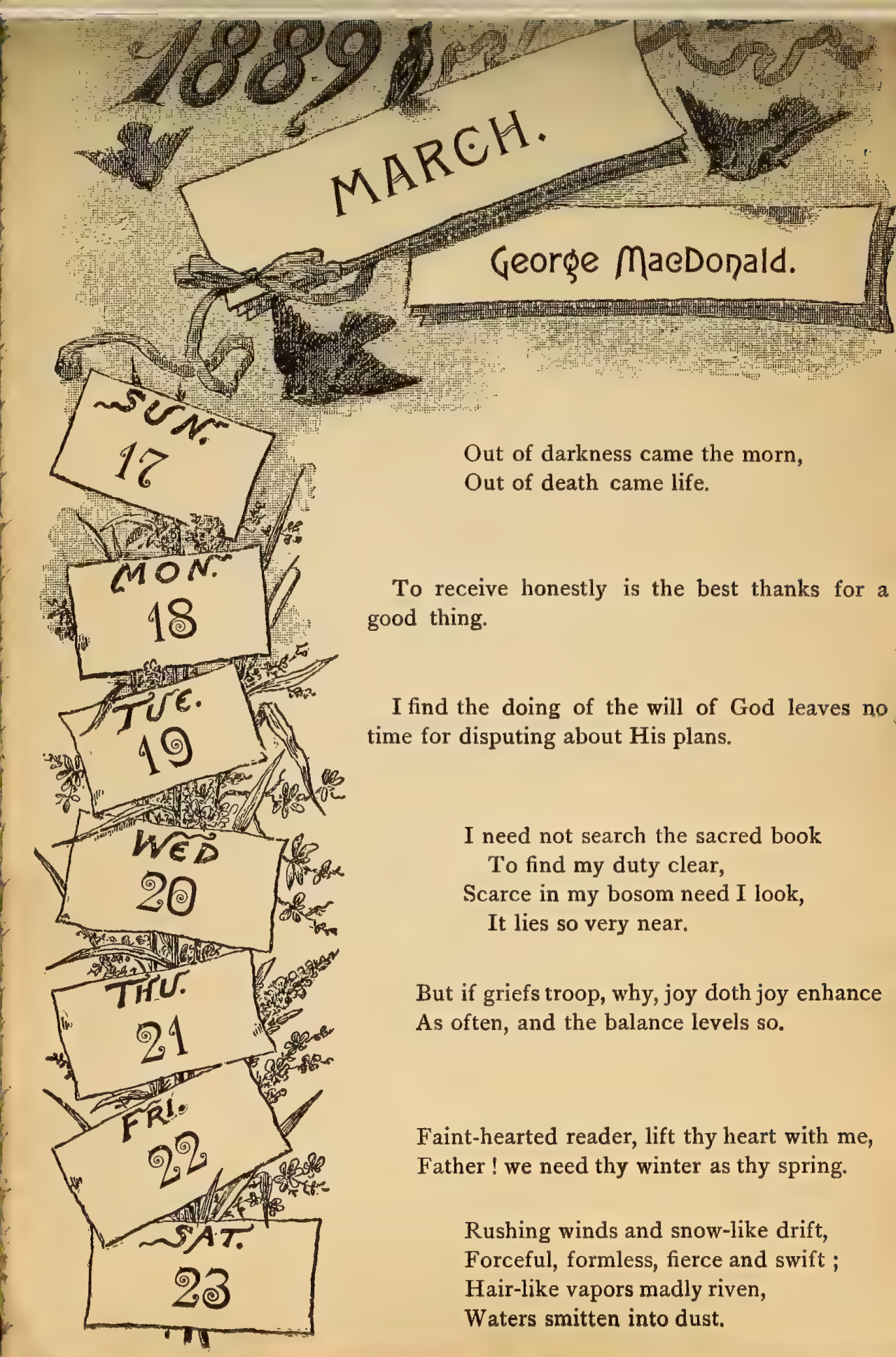
God calls us through ability.

But no love of friends could give you the least satisfaction, if you felt that you had sacrificed to it your integrity, your heroism.

So I say that friends are pleasant but not necessary.

It is a pity sometimes to get at the north-east side of people and find it so different from the southerly and sunny exposure.

May we not count as confidently upon human generosity as on human greed ?



Out of darkness came the morn,
Out of death came life.

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.

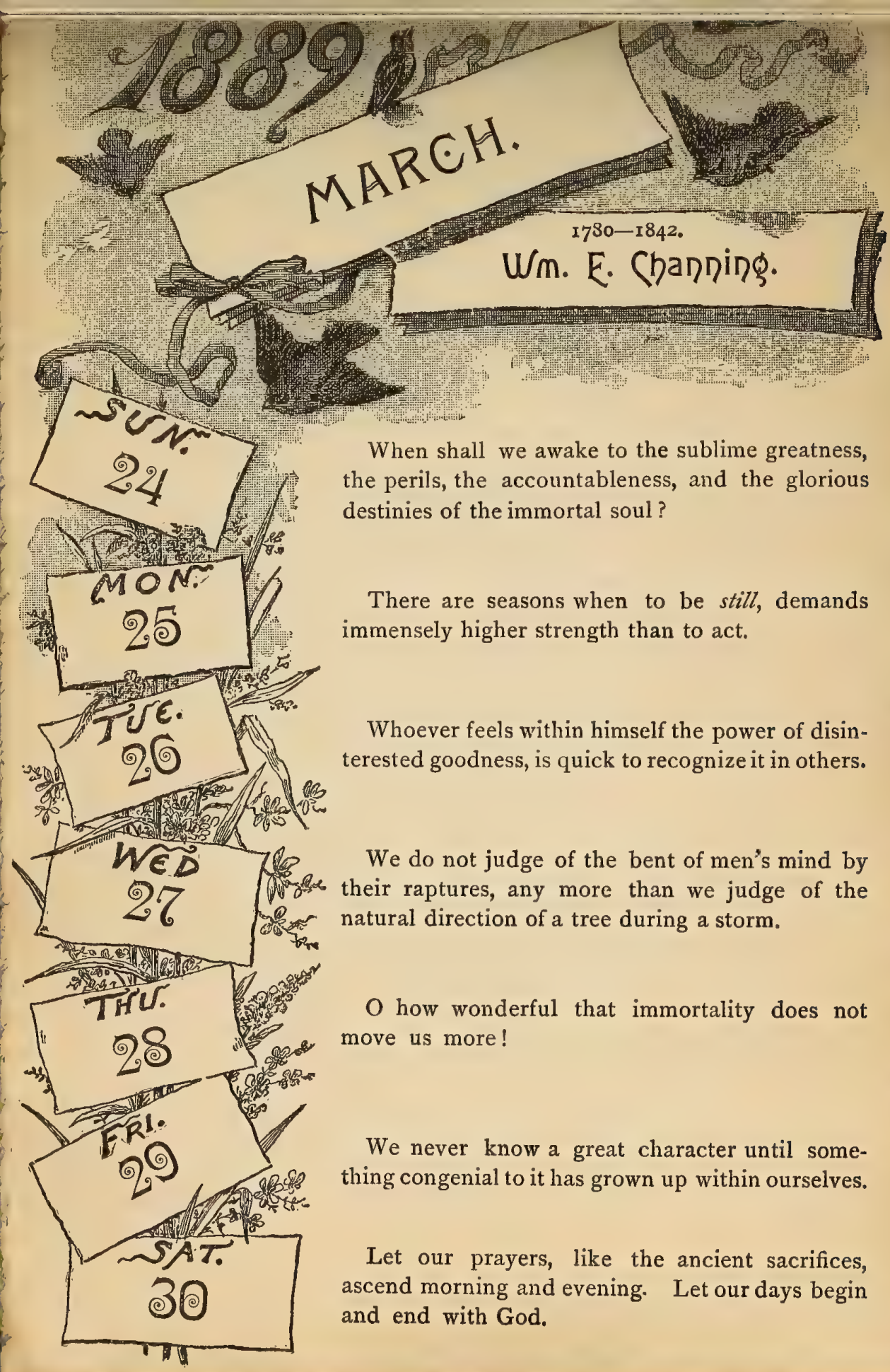
I find the doing of the will of God leaves no time for disputing about His plans.

I need not search the sacred book
To find my duty clear,
Scarce in my bosom need I look,
It lies so very near.

But if griefs troop, why, joy doth joy enhance
As often, and the balance levels so.

Faint-hearted reader, lift thy heart with me,
Father ! we need thy winter as thy spring.

Rushing winds and snow-like drift,
Forceful, formless, fierce and swift ;
Hair-like vapors madly riven,
Waters smitten into dust.



When shall we awake to the sublime greatness, the perils, the accountableness, and the glorious destinies of the immortal soul?

There are seasons when to be *still*, demands immensely higher strength than to act.

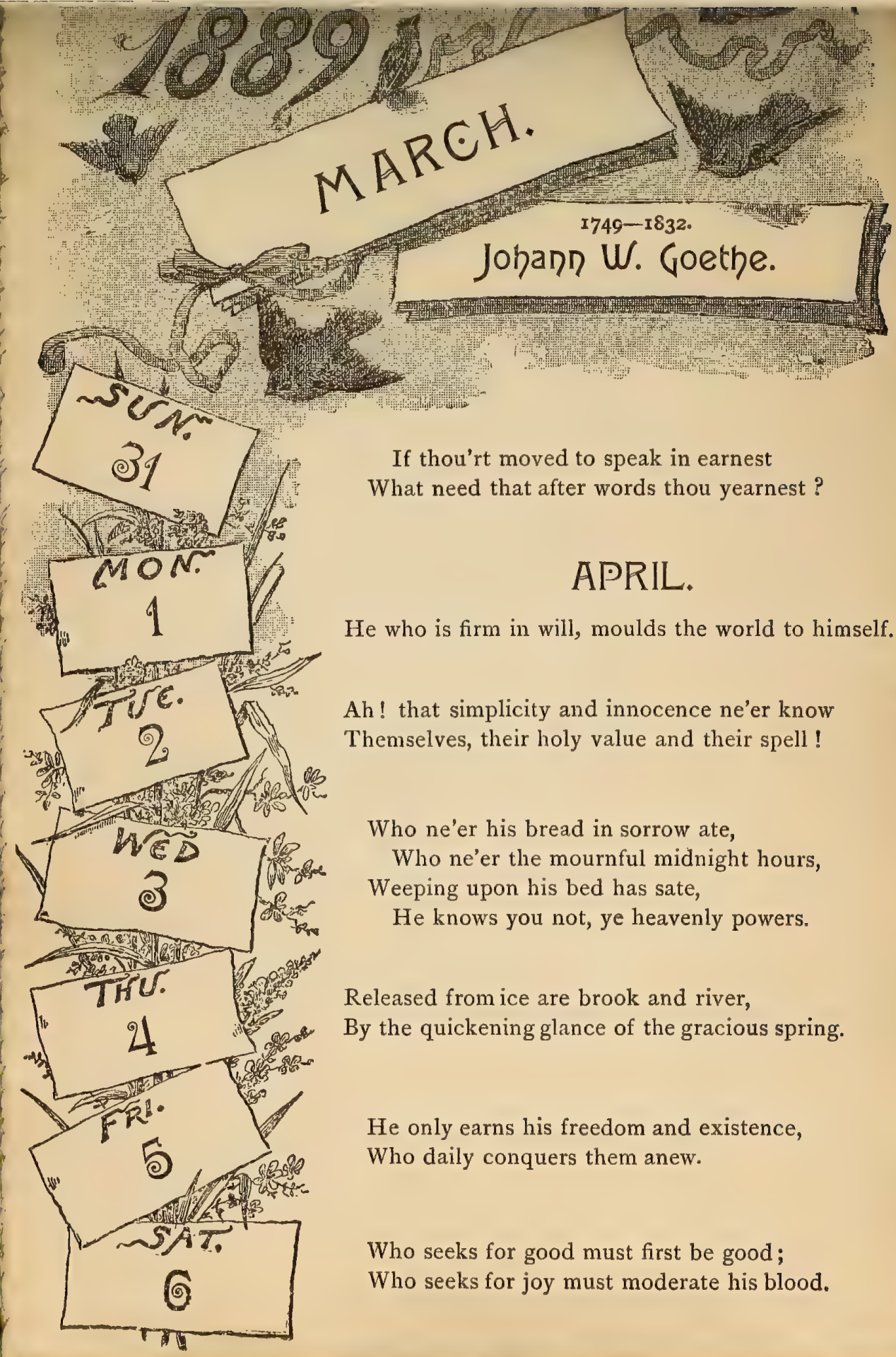
Whoever feels within himself the power of disinterested goodness, is quick to recognize it in others.

We do not judge of the bent of men's mind by their raptures, any more than we judge of the natural direction of a tree during a storm.

O how wonderful that immortality does not move us more!

We never know a great character until something congenial to it has grown up within ourselves.

Let our prayers, like the ancient sacrifices, ascend morning and evening. Let our days begin and end with God.



If thou'rt moved to speak in earnest
What need that after words thou yearnest ?

APRIL.

He who is firm in will, moulds the world to himself.

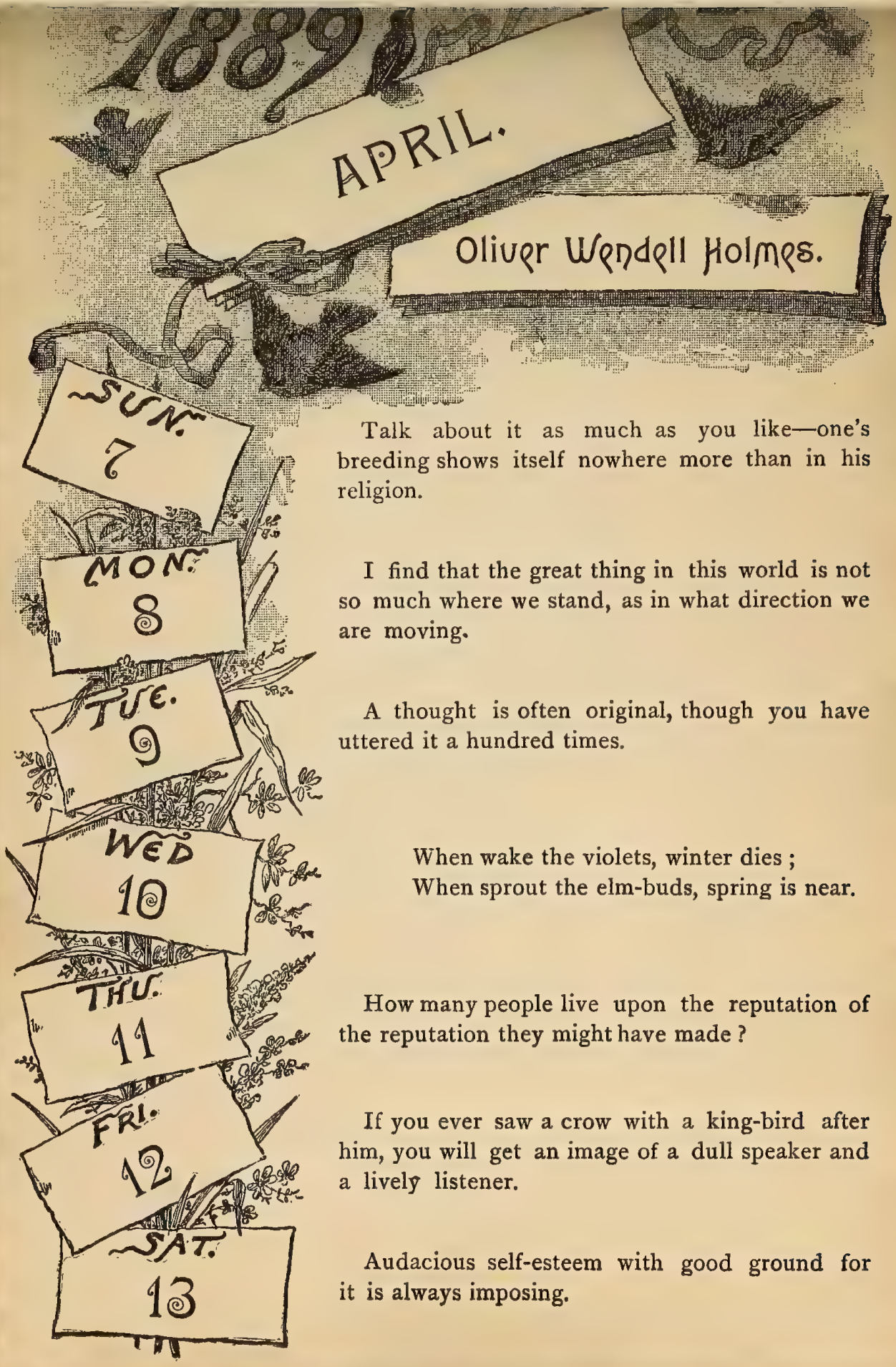
Ah ! that simplicity and innocence ne'er know
Themselves, their holy value and their spell !

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours,
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

Released from ice are brook and river,
By the quickening glance of the gracious spring.

He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew.

Who seeks for good must first be good;
Who seeks for joy must moderate his blood.



Talk about it as much as you like—one's breeding shows itself nowhere more than in his religion.

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.

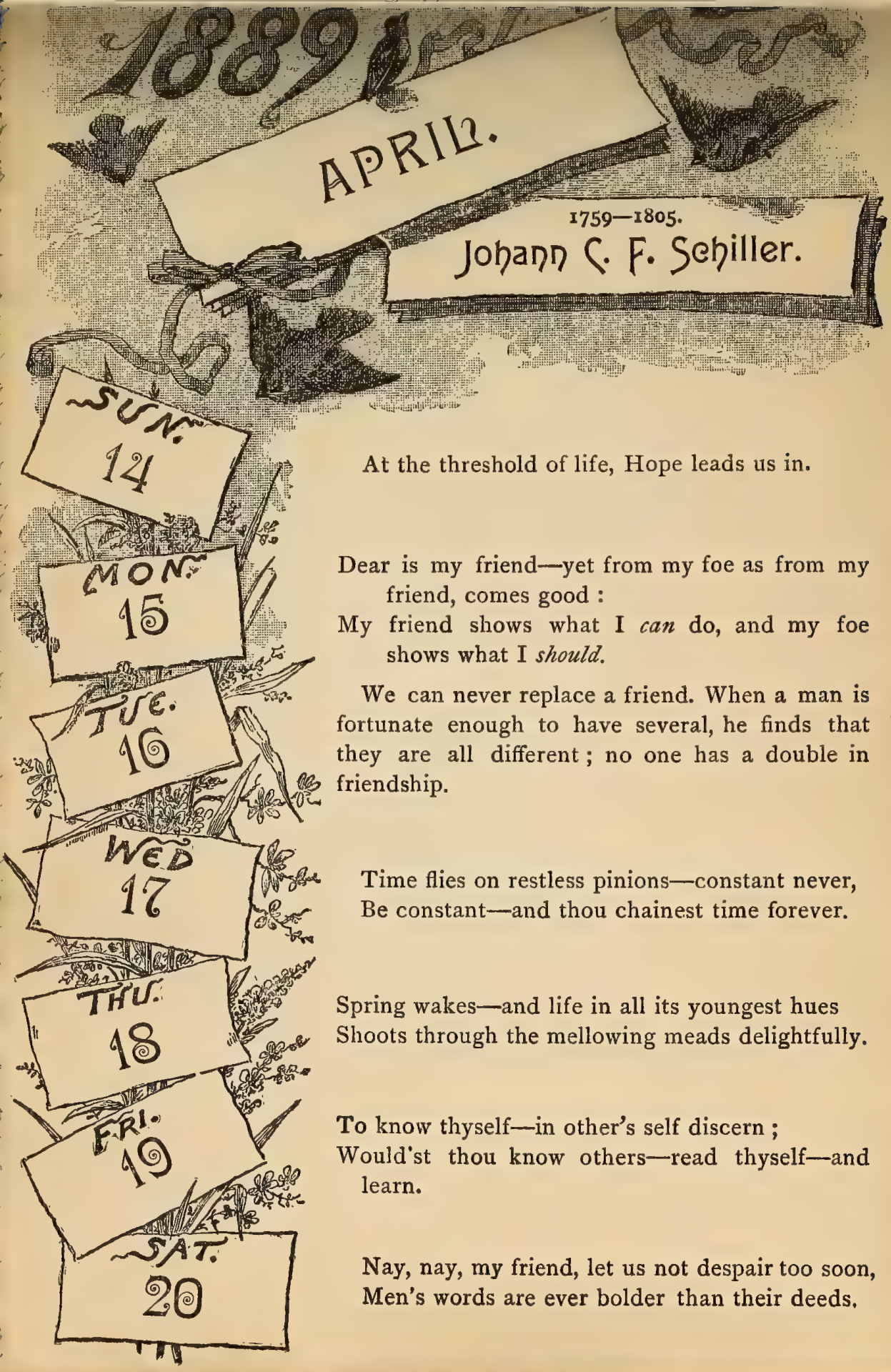
A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times.

When wake the violets, winter dies ;
When sprout the elm-buds, spring is near.

How many people live upon the reputation of the reputation they might have made ?

If you ever saw a crow with a king-bird after him, you will get an image of a dull speaker and a lively listener.

Audacious self-esteem with good ground for it is always imposing.



At the threshold of life, Hope leads us in.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe as from my friend, comes good :
My friend shows what I *can* do, and my foe shows what I *should.*

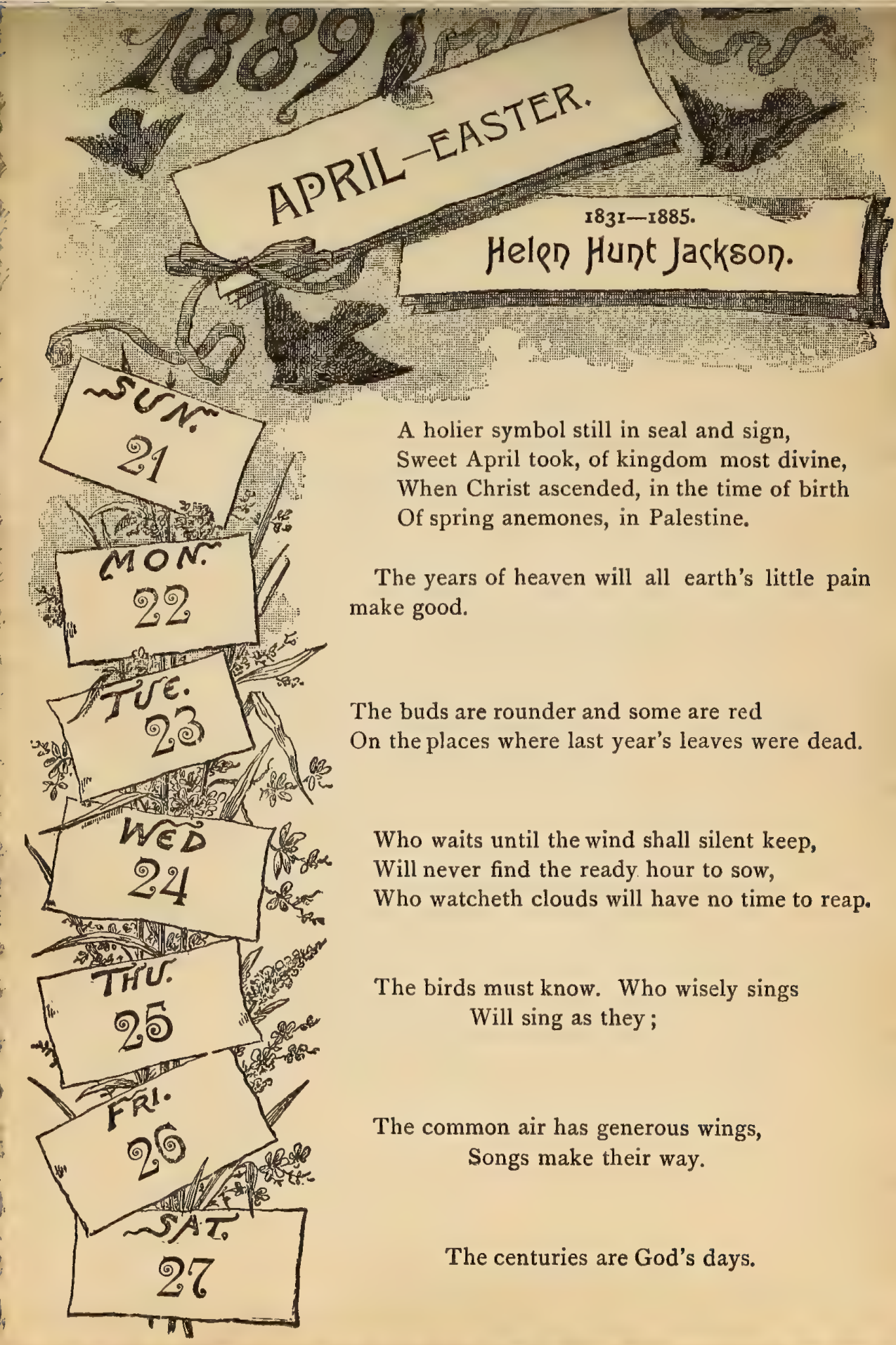
We can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to have several, he finds that they are all different ; no one has a double in friendship.

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never,
Be constant—and thou chainest time forever.

Spring wakes—and life in all its youngest hues
Shoots through the mellowing meads delightfully.

To know thyself—in other's self discern ;
Would'st thou know others—read thyself—and learn.

Nay, nay, my friend, let us not despair too soon,
Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds.



A holier symbol still in seal and sign,
Sweet April took, of kingdom most divine,
When Christ ascended, in the time of birth
Of spring anemones, in Palestine.

The years of heaven will all earth's little pain
make good.

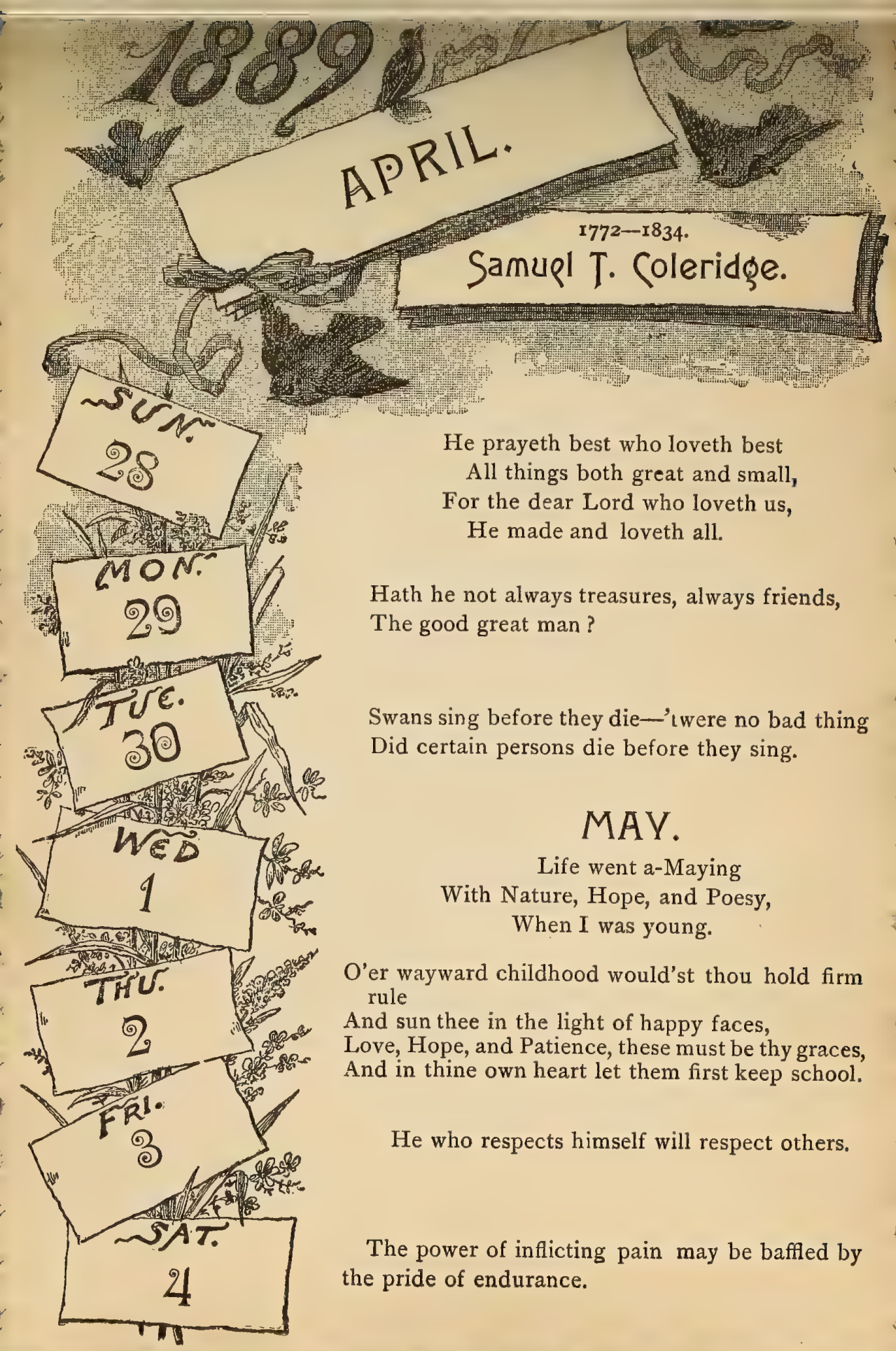
The buds are rounder and some are red
On the places where last year's leaves were dead.

Who waits until the wind shall silent keep,
Will never find the ready hour to sow,
Who watcheth clouds will have no time to reap.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;

The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

The centuries are God's days.



He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

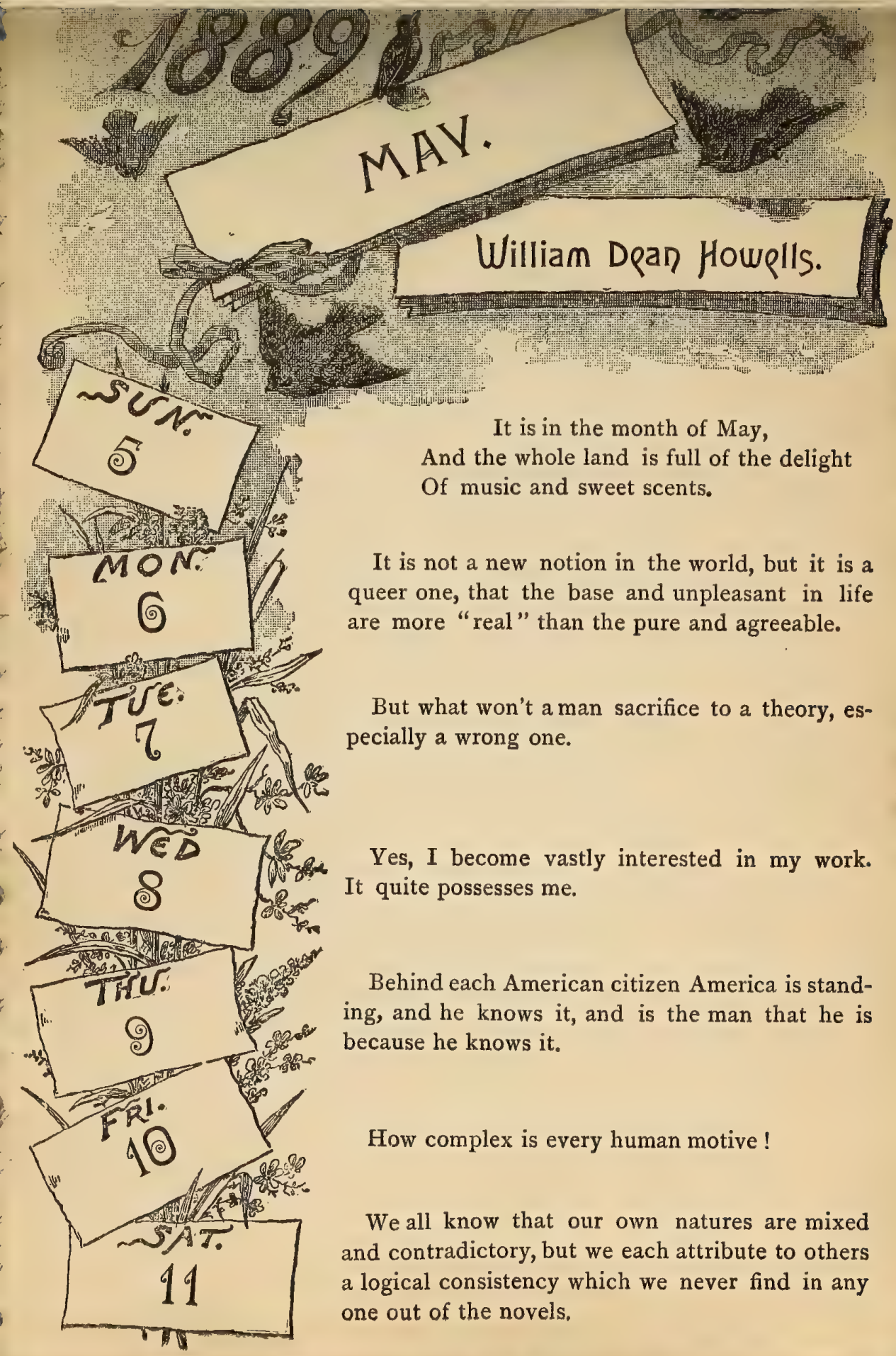
MAY.

Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young.

O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.

He who respects himself will respect others.

The power of inflicting pain may be baffled by the pride of endurance.



It is in the month of May,
And the whole land is full of the delight
Of music and sweet scents.

It is not a new notion in the world, but it is a queer one, that the base and unpleasant in life are more "real" than the pure and agreeable.

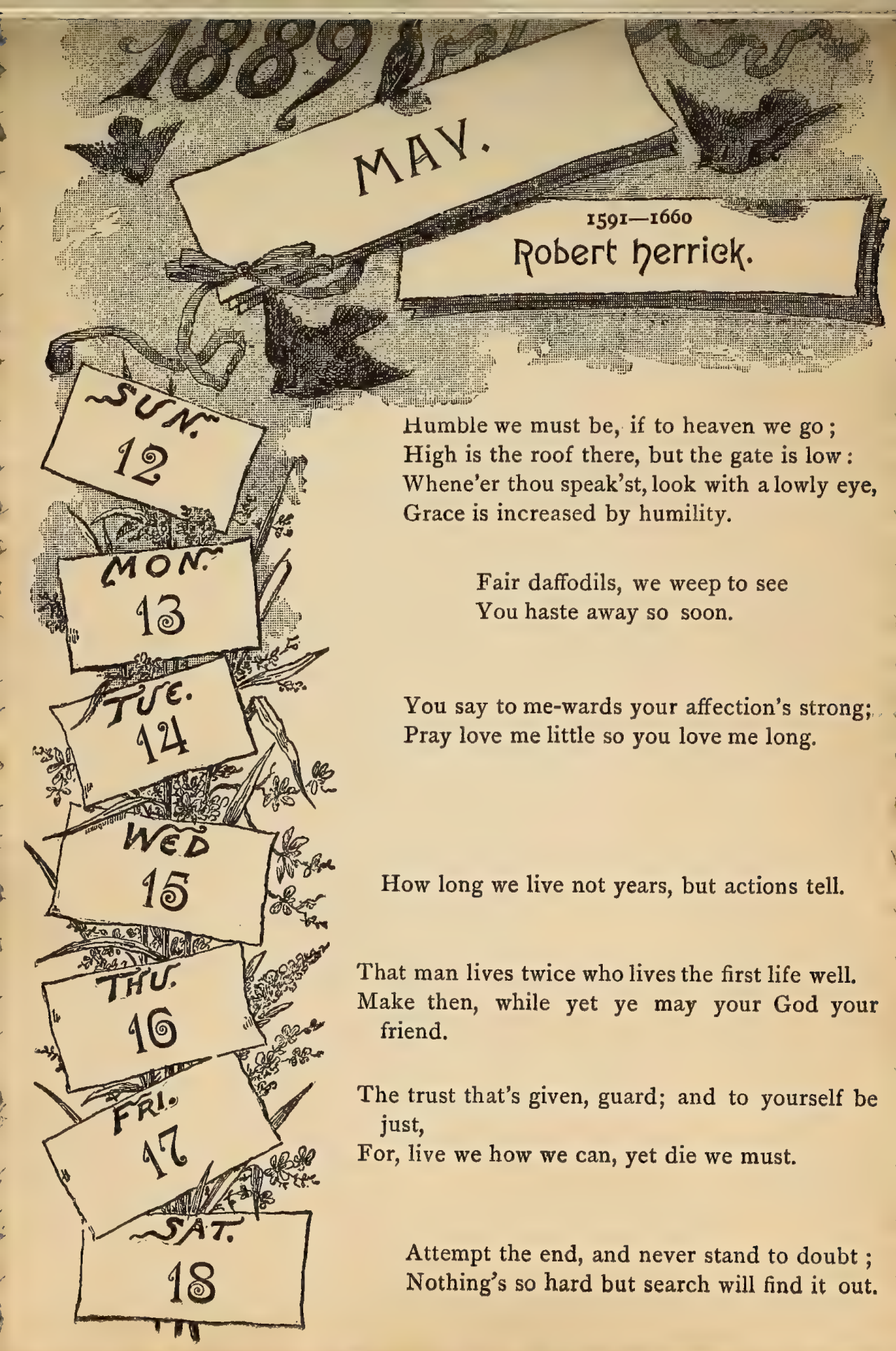
But what won't a man sacrifice to a theory, especially a wrong one.

Yes, I become vastly interested in my work. It quite possesses me.

Behind each American citizen America is standing, and he knows it, and is the man that he is because he knows it.

How complex is every human motive!

We all know that our own natures are mixed and contradictory, but we each attribute to others a logical consistency which we never find in any one out of the novels.



Humble we must be, if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low:
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye,
Grace is increased by humility.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon.

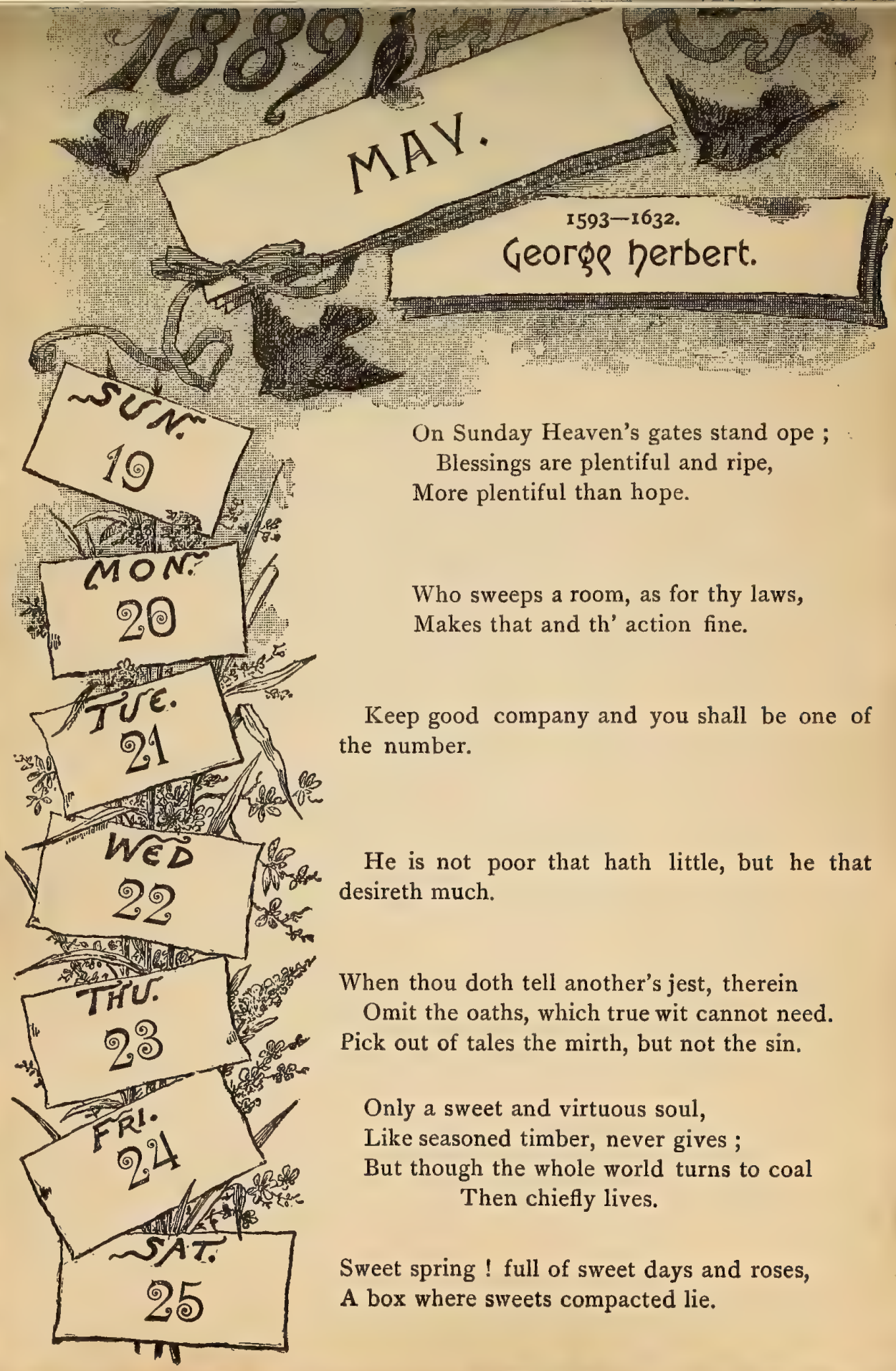
You say to me-wards your affection's strong;
Pray love me little so you love me long.

How long we live not years, but actions tell.

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
Make then, while yet ye may your God your friend.

The trust that's given, guard; and to yourself be just,
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.



On Sunday Heaven's gates stand ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and ripe,
More plentiful than hope.

Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

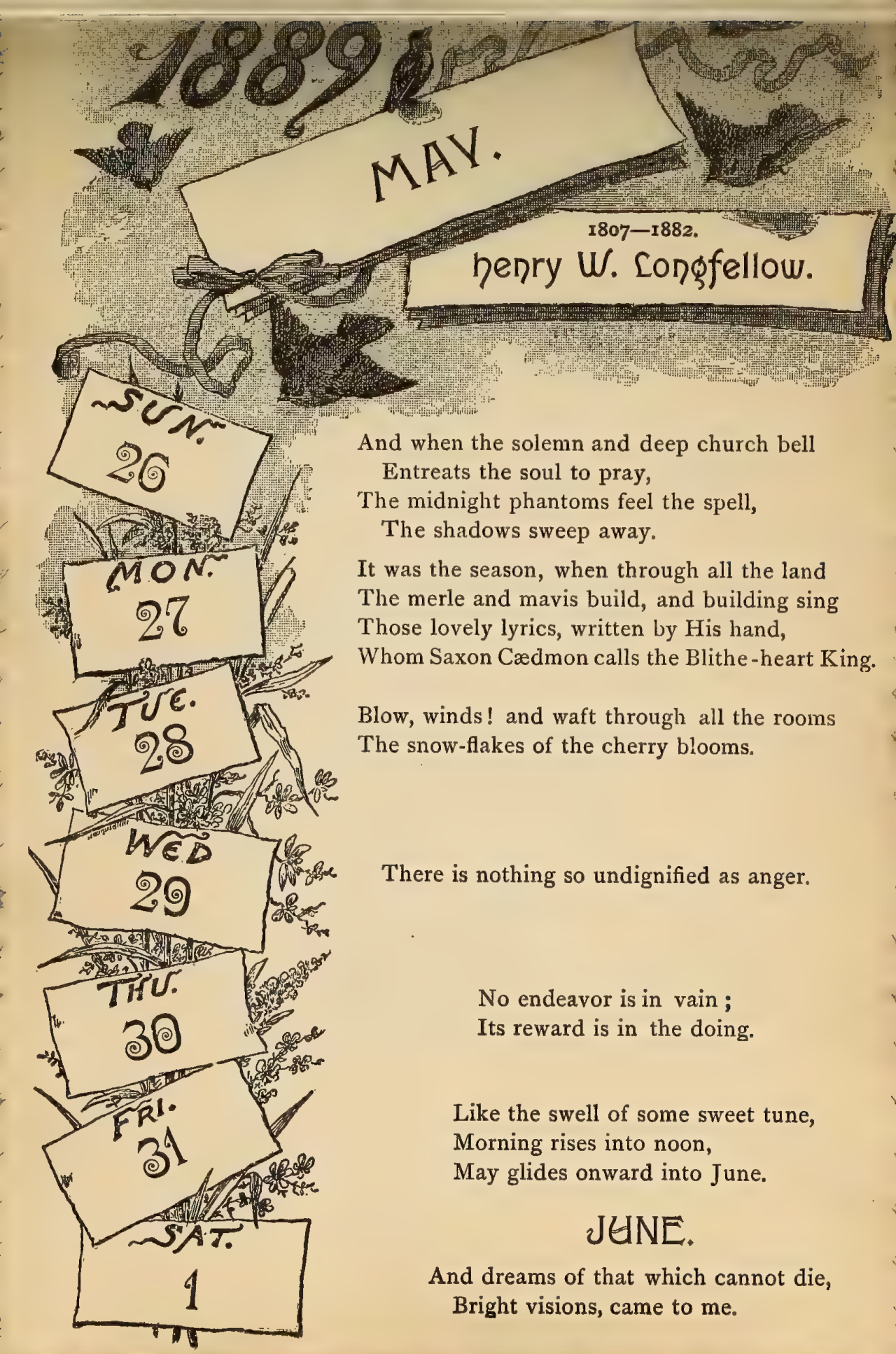
Keep good company and you shall be one of the number.

He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.

When thou doth tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need.
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turns to coal
Then chiefly lives.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie.



And when the solemn and deep church bell
  Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
  The shadows sweep away.

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry blooms.

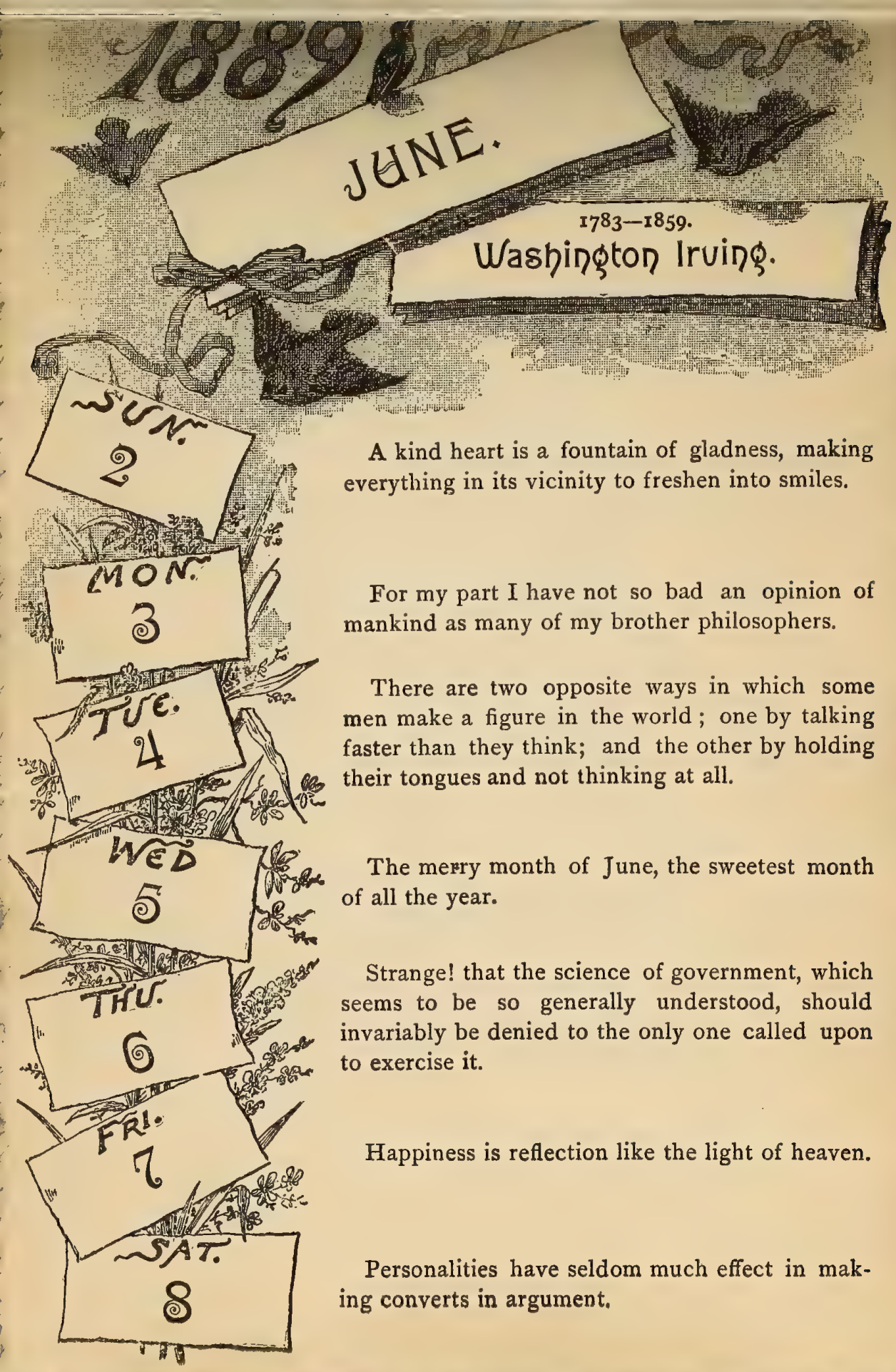
There is nothing so undignified as anger.

No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing.

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

JUNE.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
  Bright visions, came to me.



A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.

For my part I have not so bad an opinion of mankind as many of my brother philosophers.

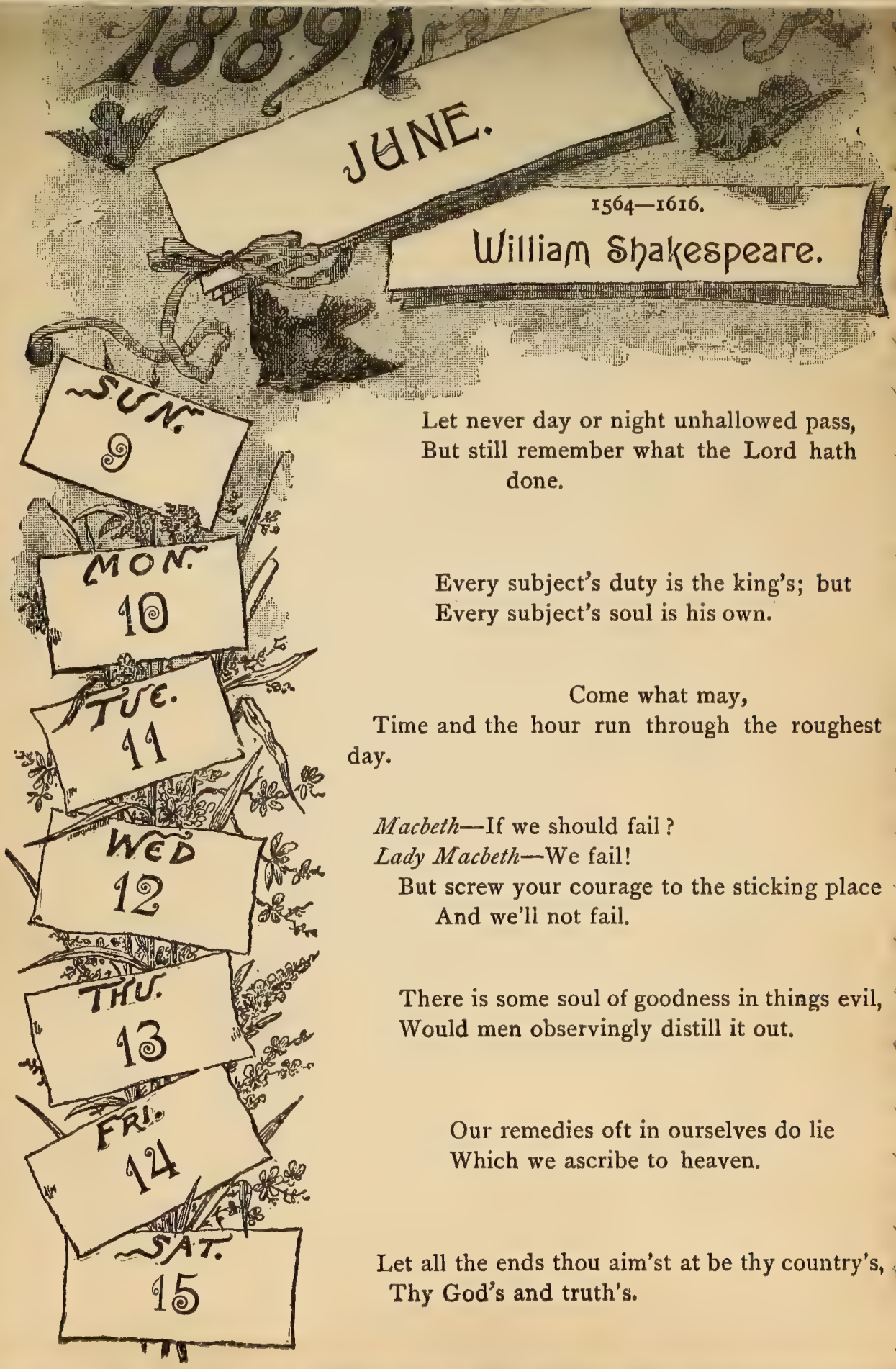
There are two opposite ways in which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think; and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all.

The merry month of June, the sweetest month of all the year.

Strange! that the science of government, which seems to be so generally understood, should invariably be denied to the only one called upon to exercise it.

Happiness is reflection like the light of heaven.

Personalities have seldom much effect in making converts in argument.



Let never day or night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but
Every subject's soul is his own.

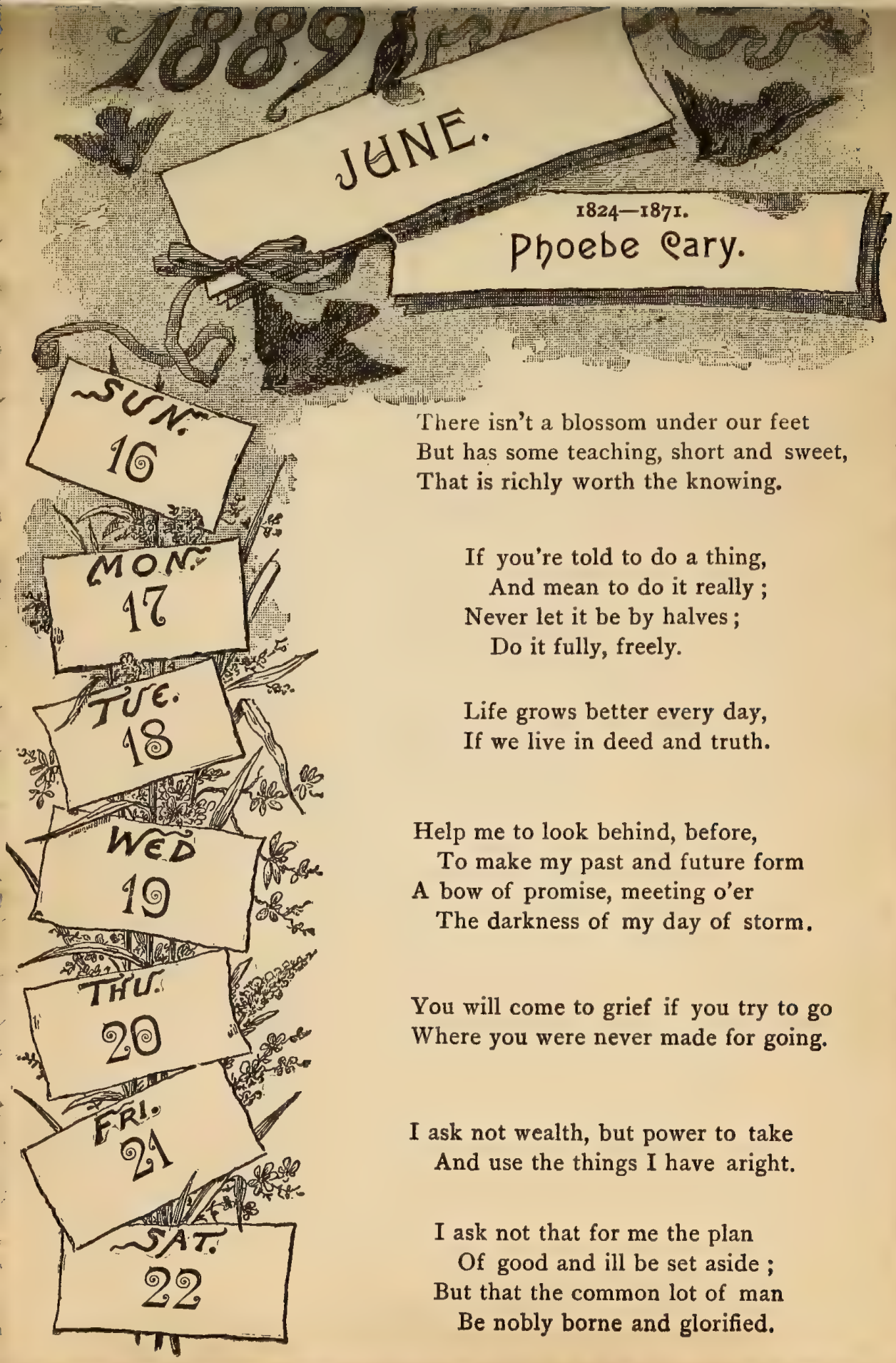
Come what may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day.

Macbeth—If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth—We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's.



There isn't a blossom under our feet
But has some teaching, short and sweet,
That is richly worth the knowing.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

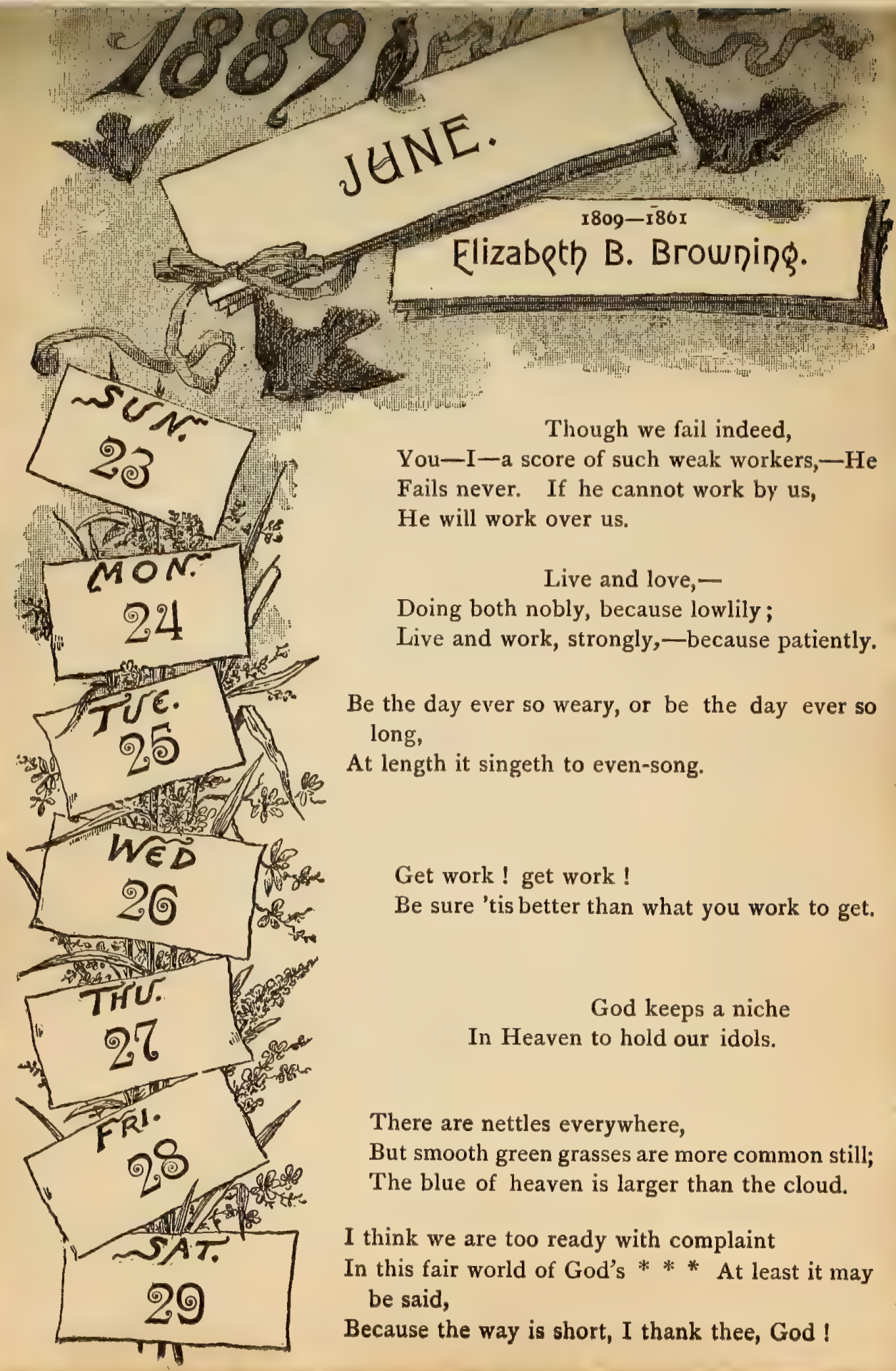
Life grows better every day,
If we live in deed and truth.

Help me to look behind, before,
To make my past and future form
A bow of promise, meeting o'er
The darkness of my day of storm.

You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you were never made for going.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.



Though we fail indeed,
You—I—a score of such weak workers,—He
Fails never. If he cannot work by us,
He will work over us.

Live and love,—
Doing both nobly, because lowlily;
Live and work, strongly,—because patiently.

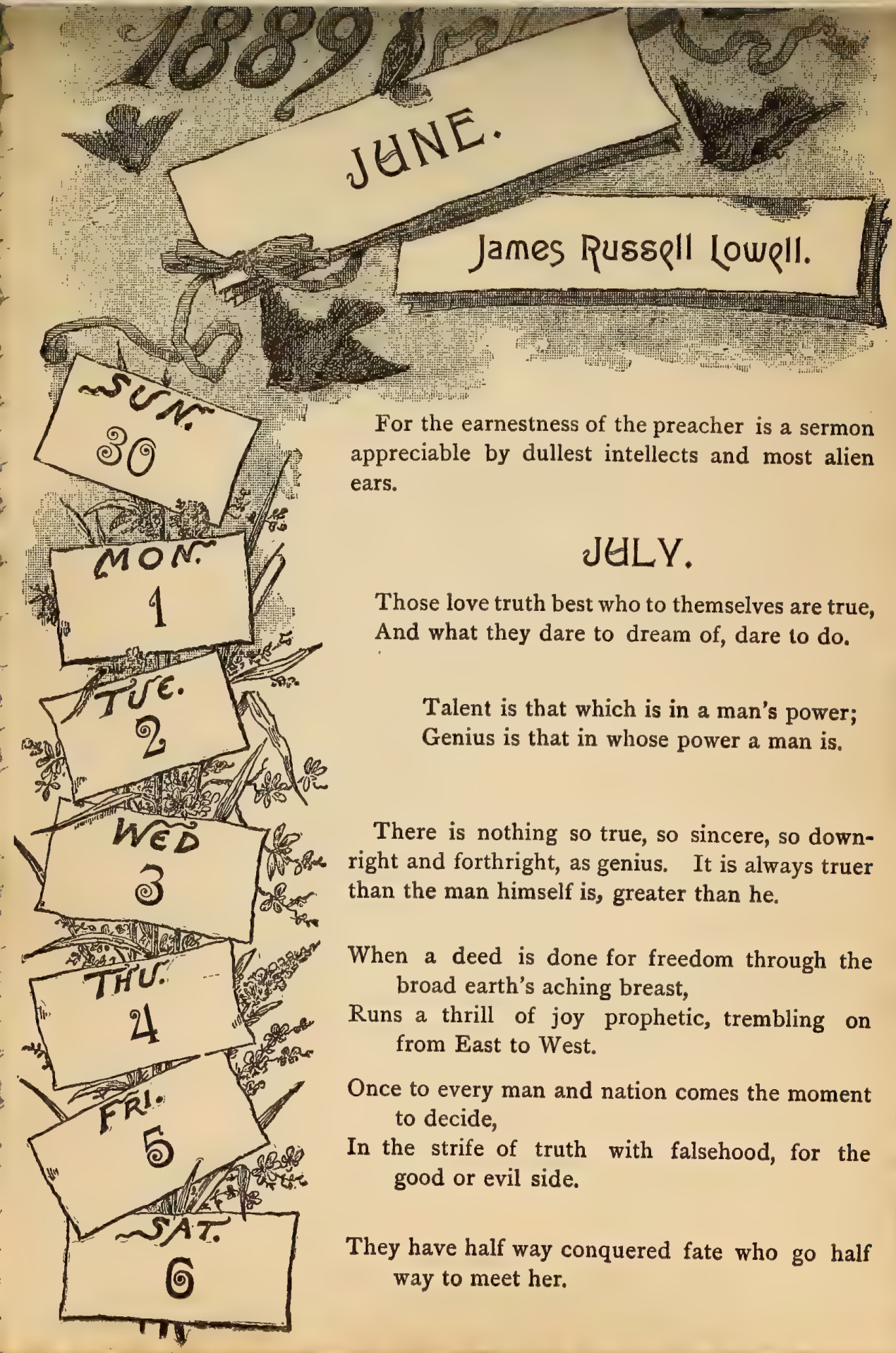
Be the day ever so weary, or be the day ever so long,
At length it singeth to even-song.

Get work! get work!
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols.

There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still;
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's * * * At least it may be said,
Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!



For the earnestness of the preacher is a sermon appreciable by dullest intellects and most alien ears.

JULY.

Those love truth best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

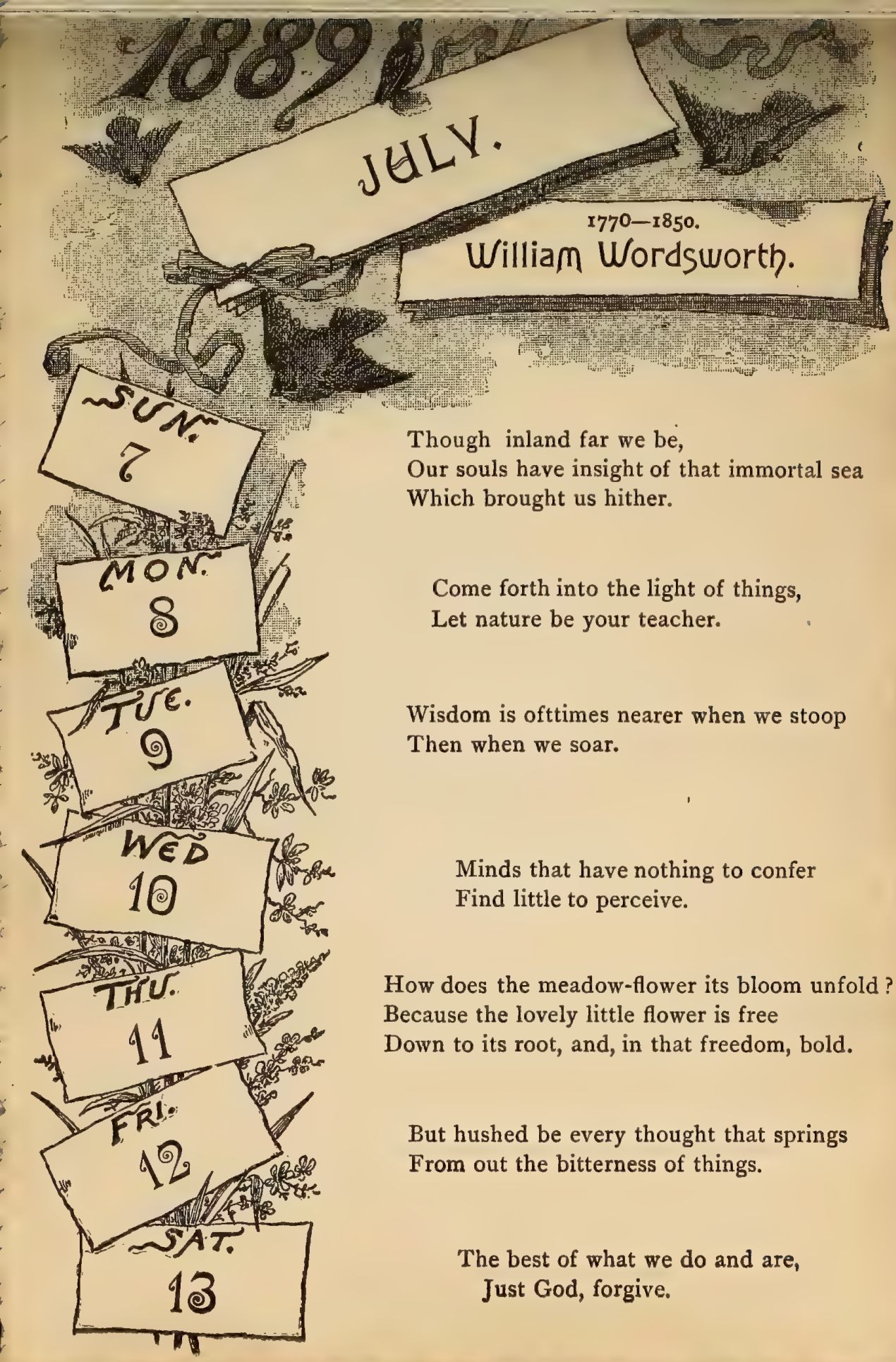
Talent is that which is in a man's power;
Genius is that in whose power a man is.

There is nothing so true, so sincere, so downright and forthright, as genius. It is always truer than the man himself is, greater than he.

When a deed is done for freedom through the broad earth's aching breast,
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East to West.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side.

They have half way conquered fate who go half way to meet her.



Though inland far we be,
Our souls have insight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

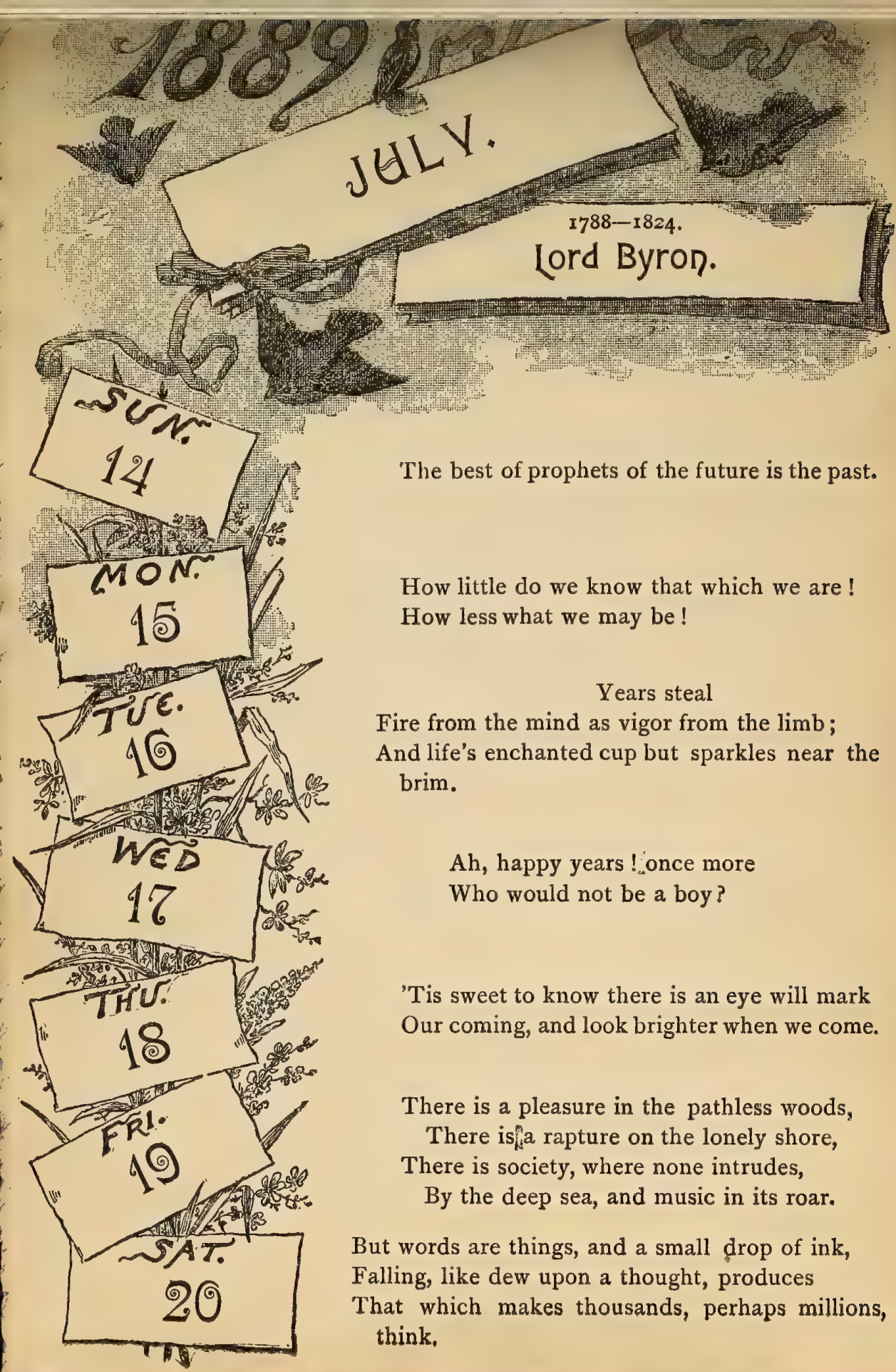
Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Then when we soar.

Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.

The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive.



The best of prophets of the future is the past.

How little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be!

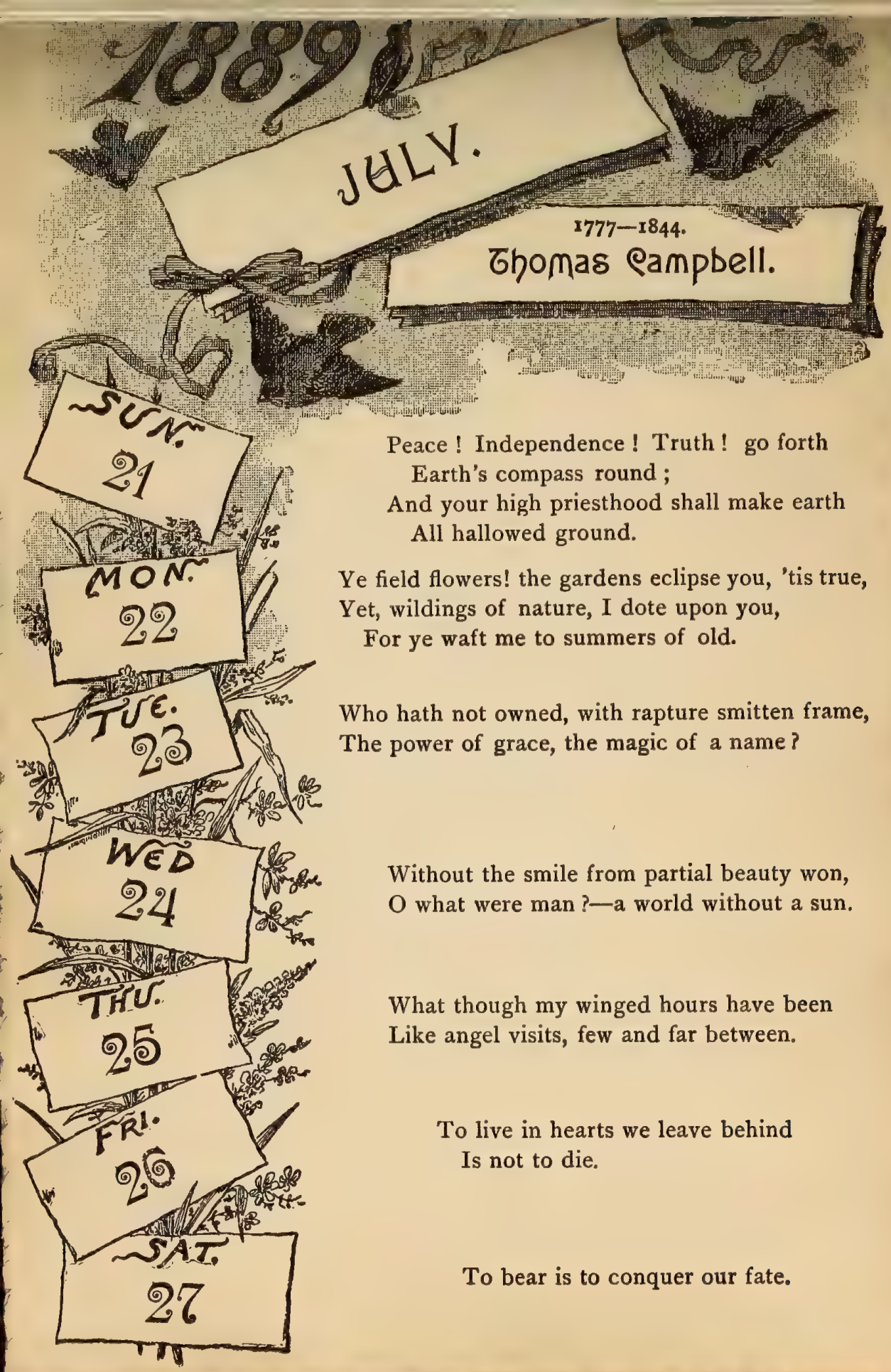
Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

Ah, happy years! once more
Who would not be a boy?

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.



Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
Earth's compass round ;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old.

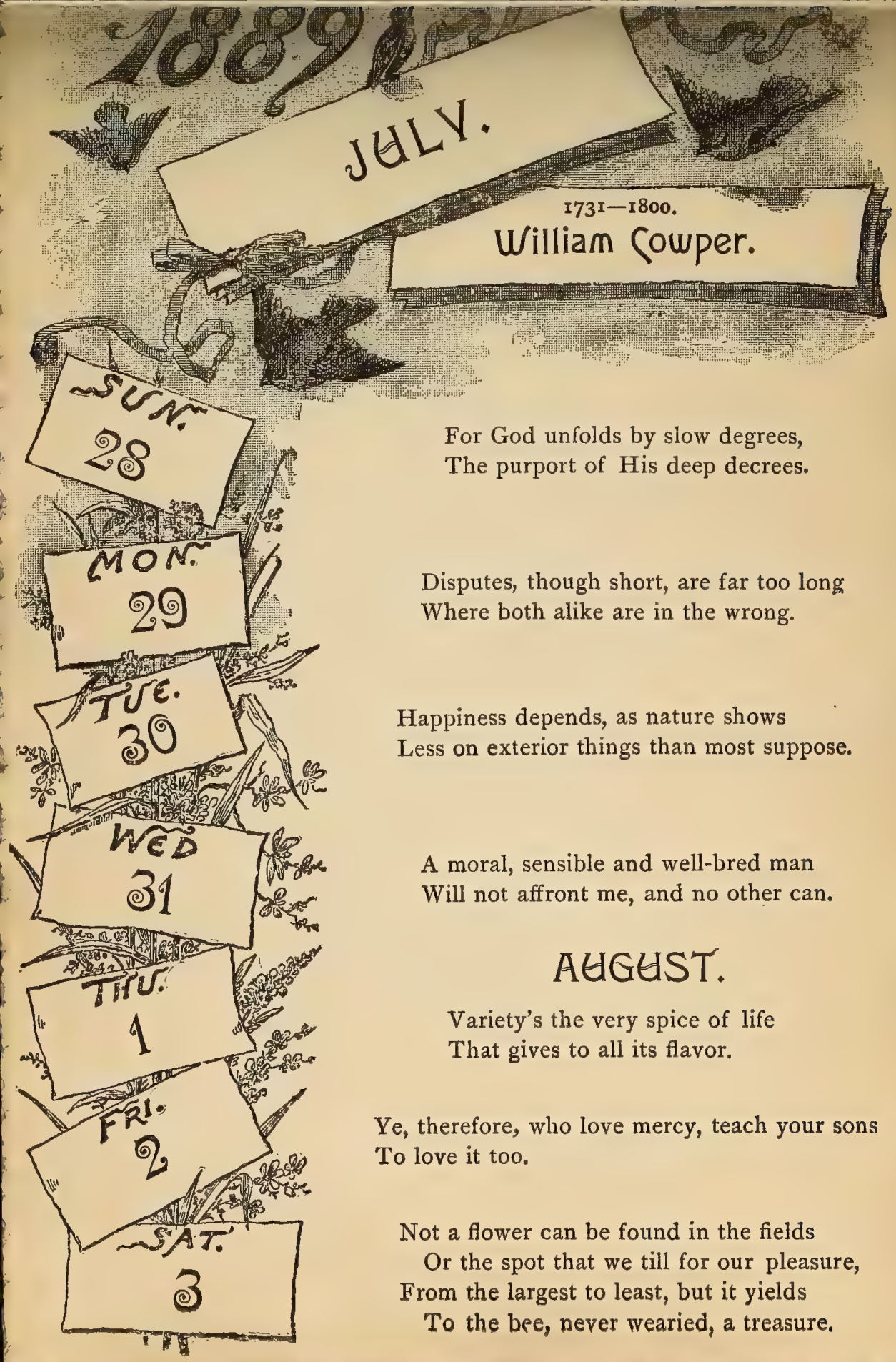
Who hath not owned, with rapture smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O what were man ?—a world without a sun.

What though my winged hours have been
Like angel visits, few and far between.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

To bear is to conquer our fate.



For God unfolds by slow degrees,
The purport of His deep decrees.

Disputes, though short, are far too long
Where both alike are in the wrong.

Happiness depends, as nature shows
Less on exterior things than most suppose.

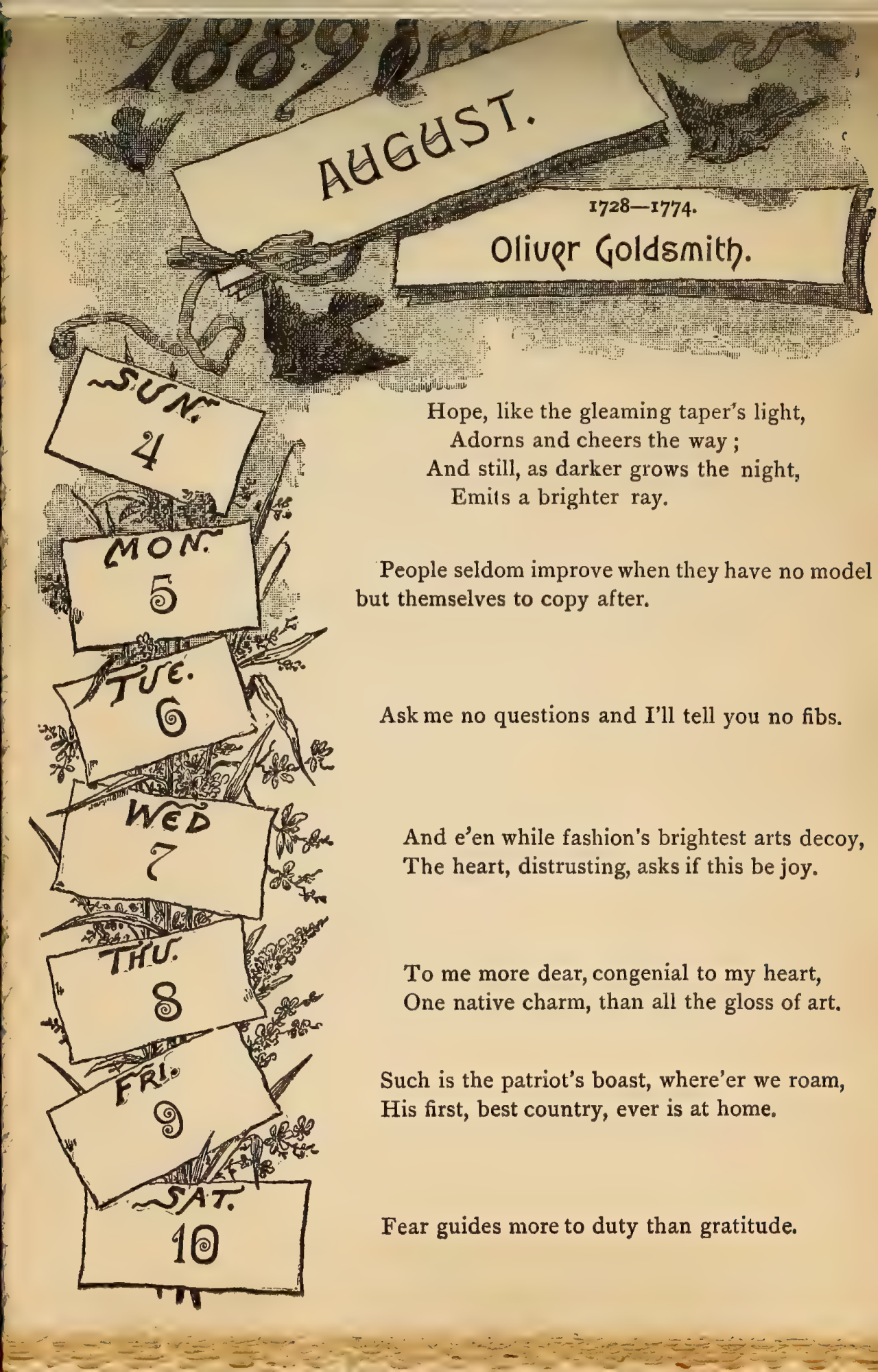
A moral, sensible and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.

AUGUST.

Variety's the very spice of life
That gives to all its flavor.

Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

Not a flower can be found in the fields
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
To the bee, never wearied, a treasure.



Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.

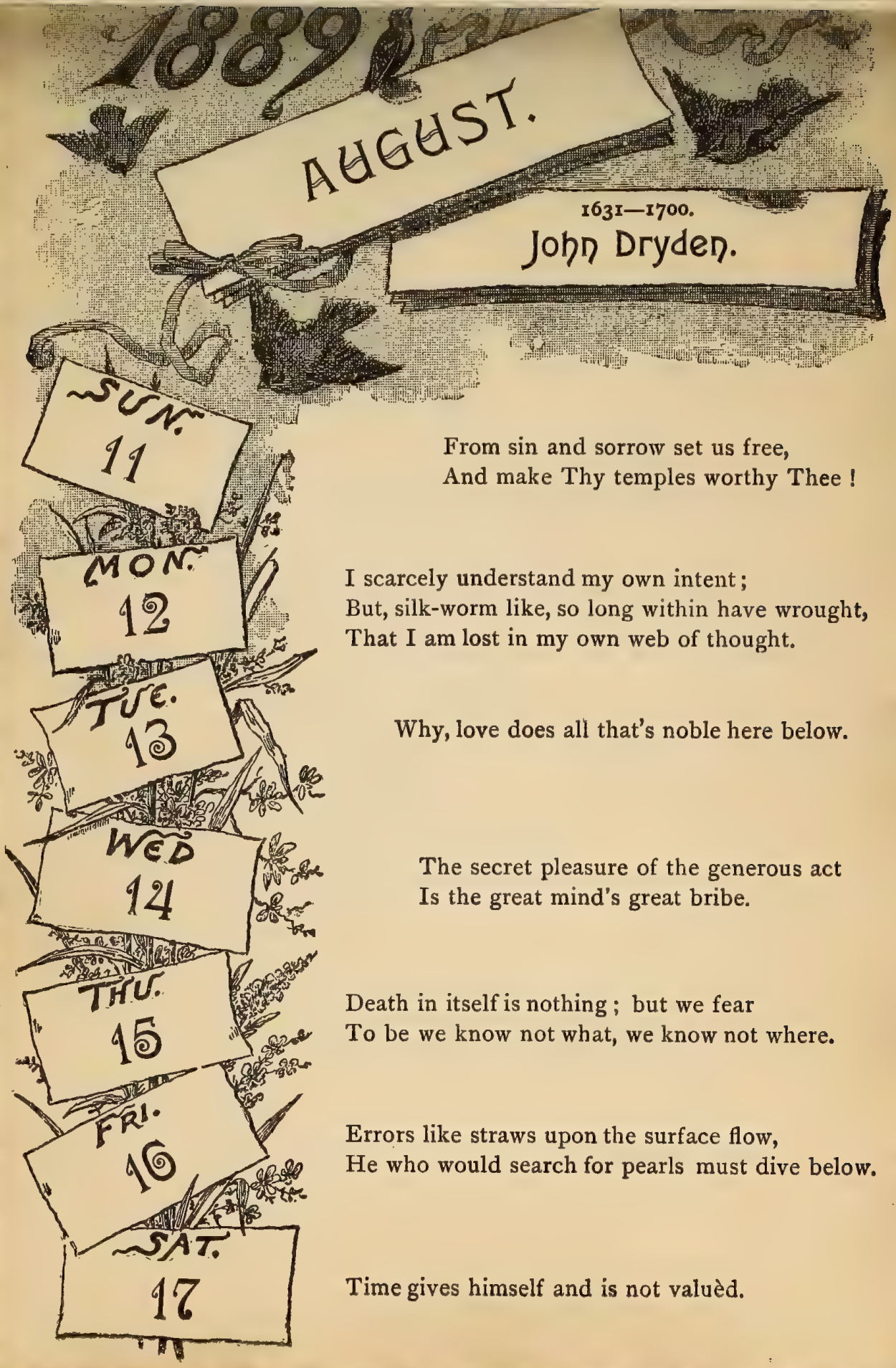
Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs.

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

Fear guides more to duty than gratitude.



From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee !

I scarcely understand my own intent;
But, silk-worm like, so long within have wrought,
That I am lost in my own web of thought.

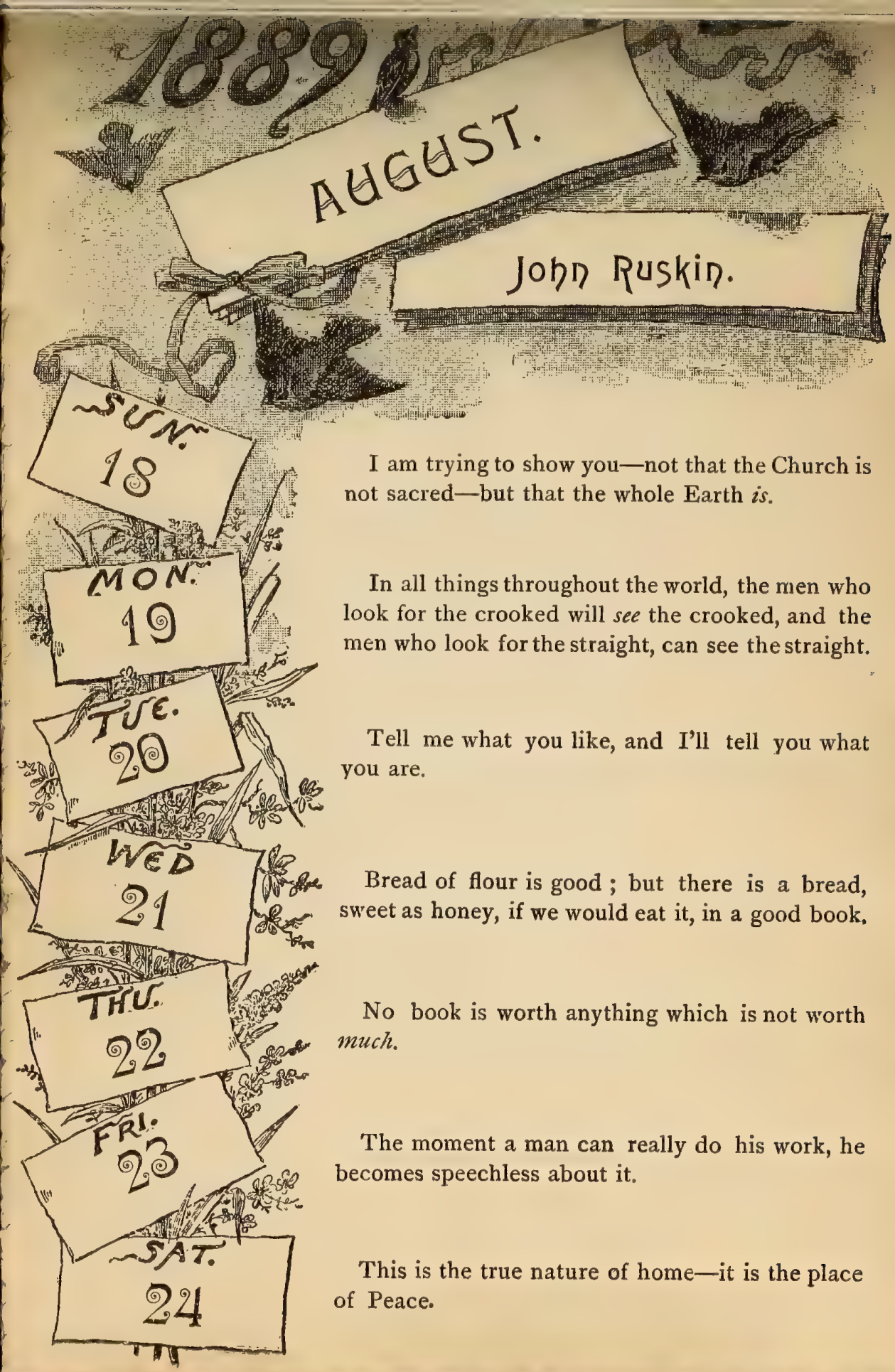
Why, love does all that's noble here below.

The secret pleasure of the generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe.

Death in itself is nothing ; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

Time gives himself and is not valuèd.



I am trying to show you—not that the Church is not sacred—but that the whole Earth *is*.

In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will *see* the crooked, and the men who look for the straight, can see the straight.

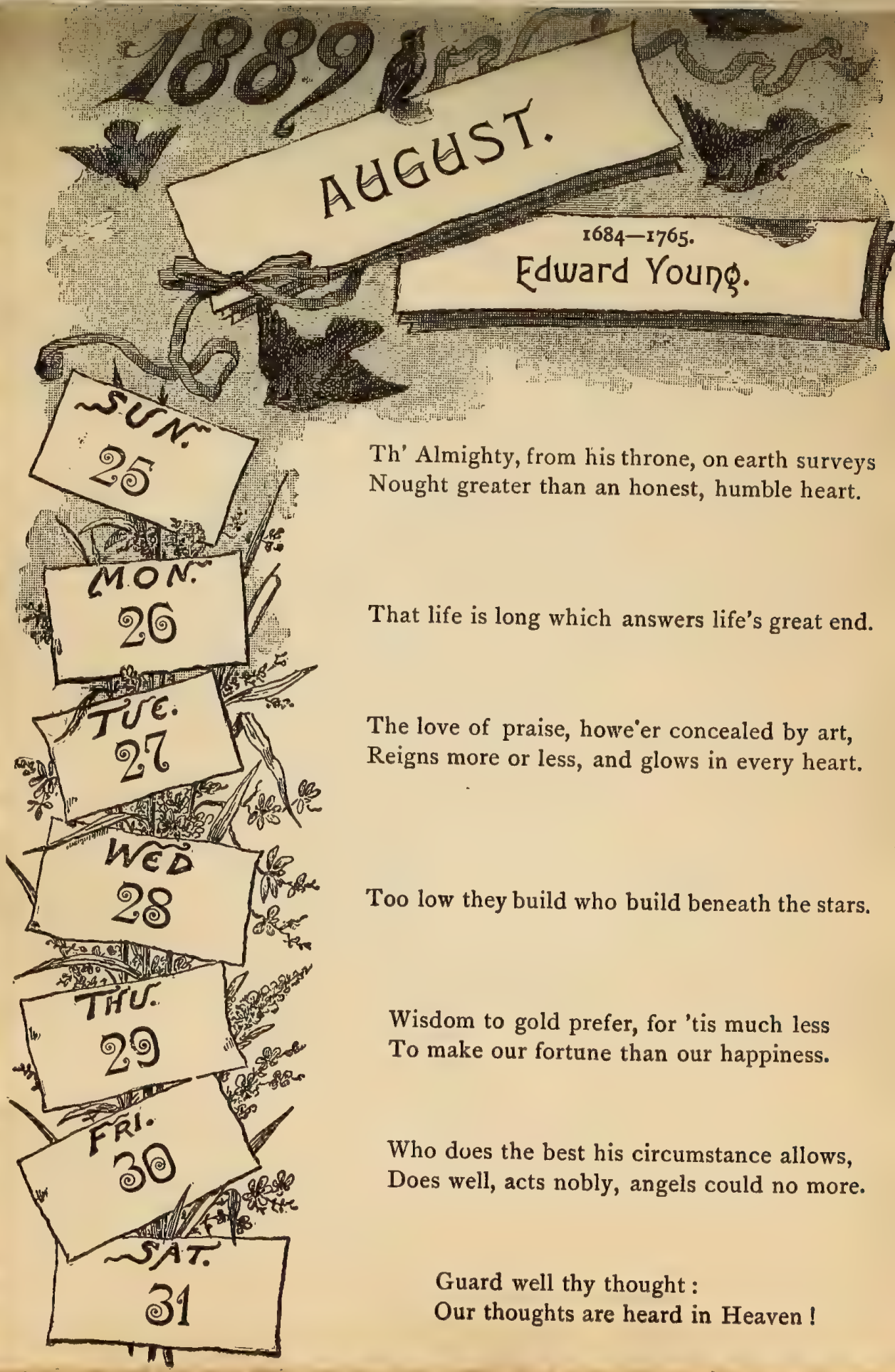
Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are.

Bread of flour is good ; but there is a bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book.

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*.

The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it.

This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace.



Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater than an honest, humble heart.

That life is long which answers life's great end.

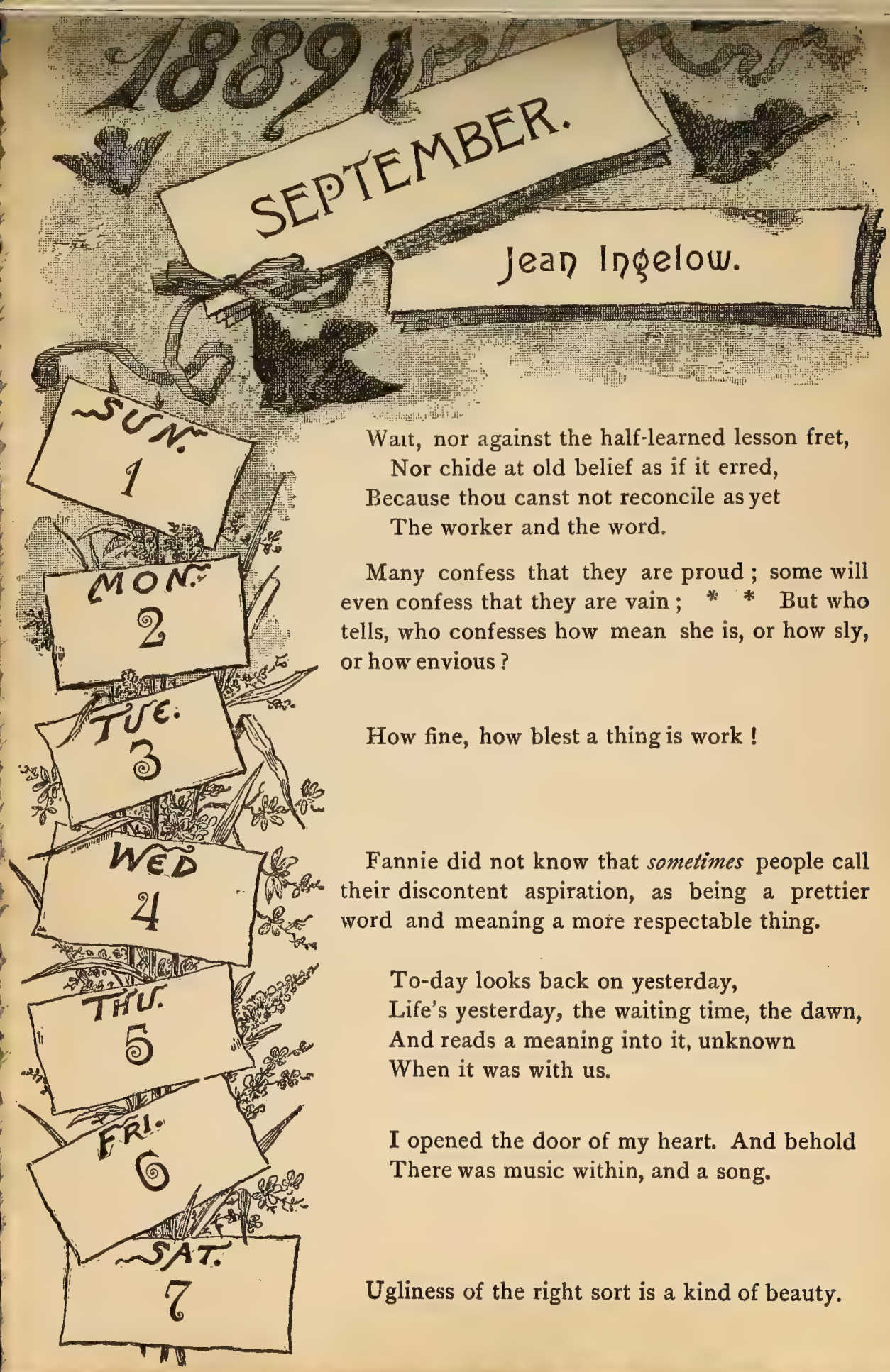
The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more.

Guard well thy thought:
Our thoughts are heard in Heaven!



Wait, nor against the half-learned lesson fret,
Nor chide at old belief as if it erred,
Because thou canst not reconcile as yet
The worker and the word.

Many confess that they are proud; some will even confess that they are vain; * * But who tells, who confesses how mean she is, or how sly, or how envious?

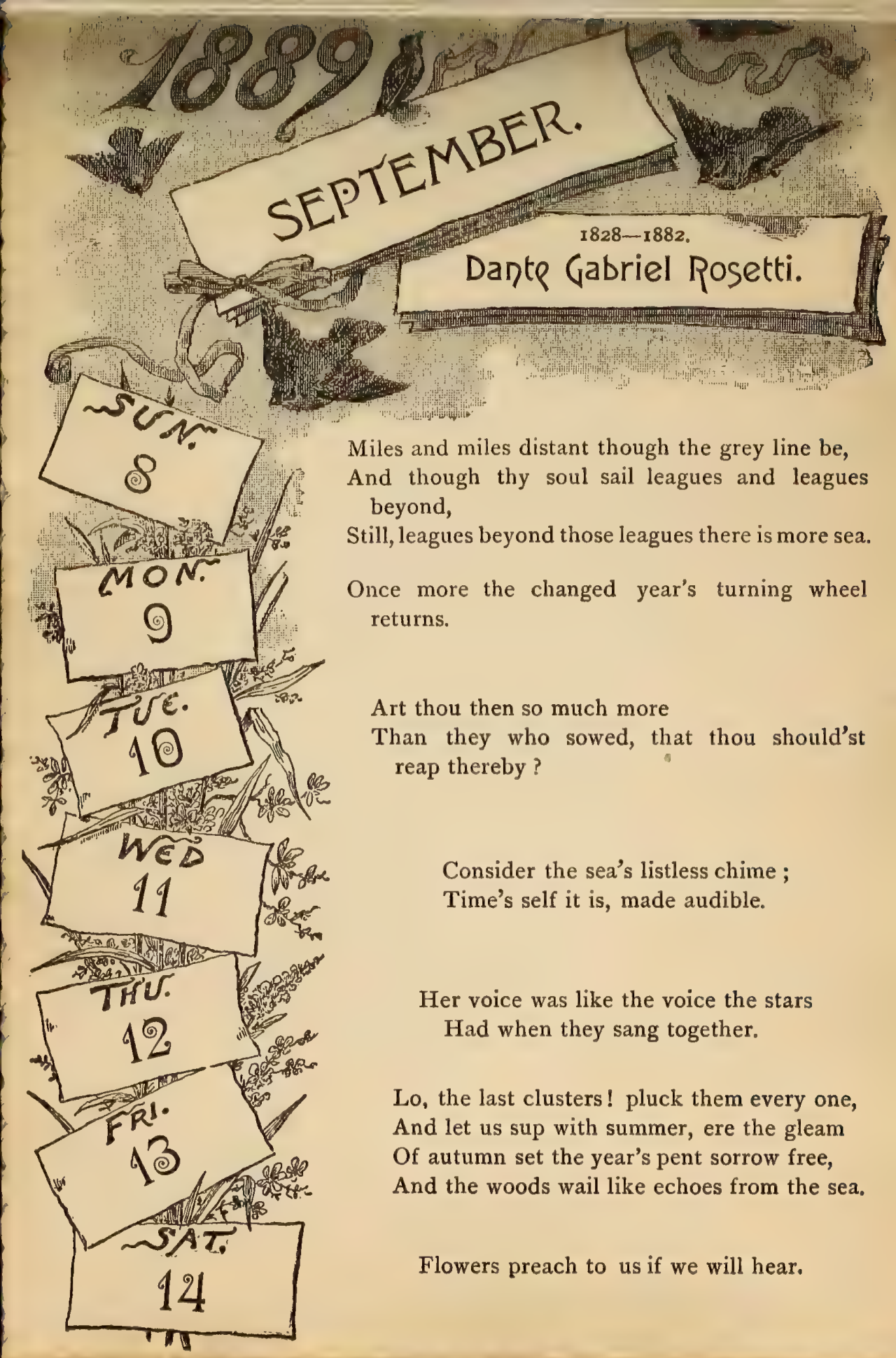
How fine, how blest a thing is work!

Fannie did not know that *sometimes* people call their discontent aspiration, as being a prettier word and meaning a more respectable thing.

To-day looks back on yesterday,
Life's yesterday, the waiting time, the dawn,
And reads a meaning into it, unknown
When it was with us.

I opened the door of my heart. And behold
There was music within, and a song.

Ugliness of the right sort is a kind of beauty.



Miles and miles distant though the grey line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,
Still, leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea.

Once more the changed year's turning wheel returns.

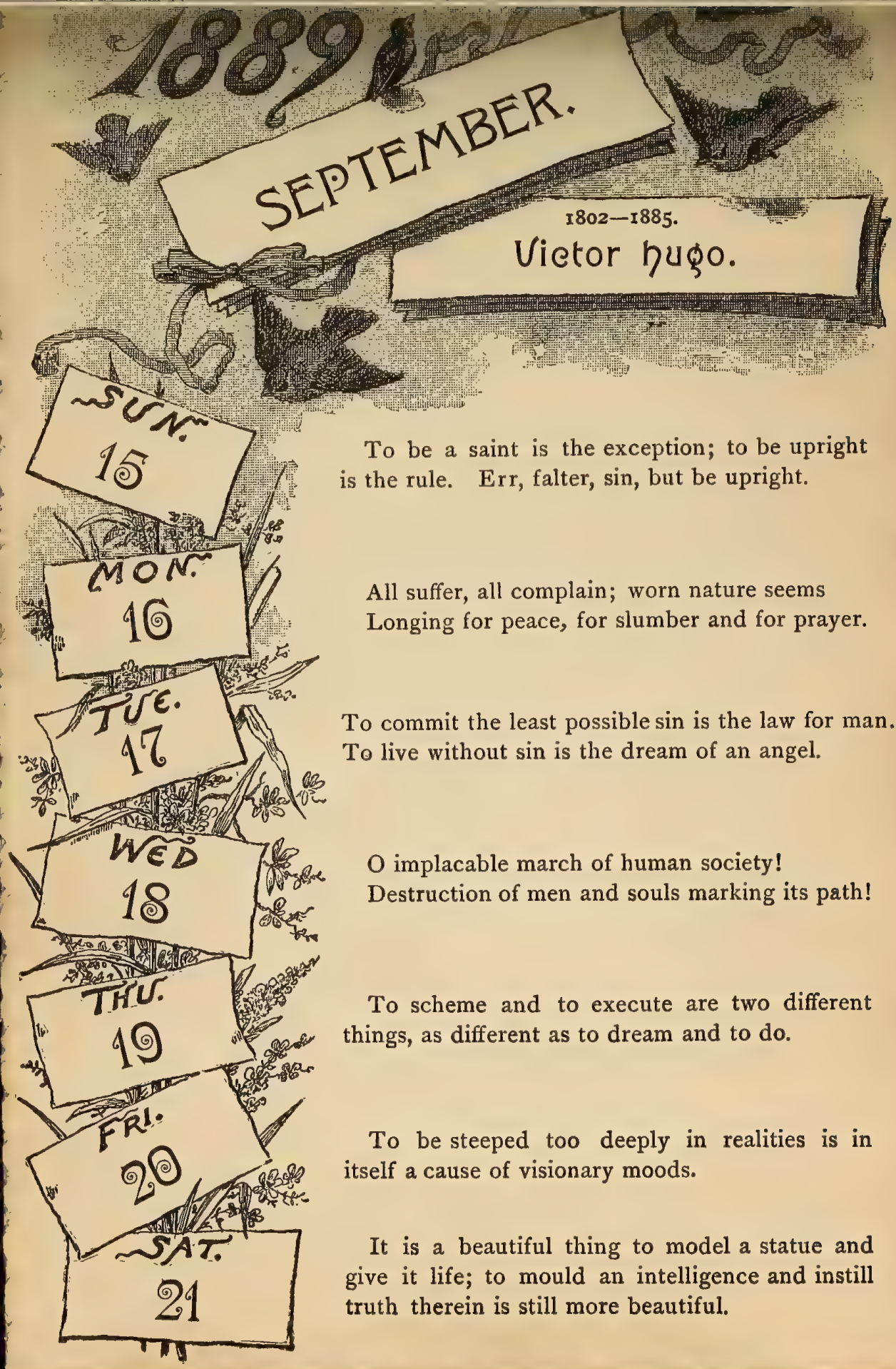
Art thou then so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou should'st reap thereby?

Consider the sea's listless chime;
Time's self it is, made audible.

Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

Lo, the last clusters! pluck them every one,
And let us sup with summer, ere the gleam
Of autumn set the year's pent sorrow free,
And the woods wail like echoes from the sea.

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.



To be a saint is the exception; to be upright is the rule. Err, falter, sin, but be upright.

All suffer, all complain; worn nature seems
Longing for peace, for slumber and for prayer.

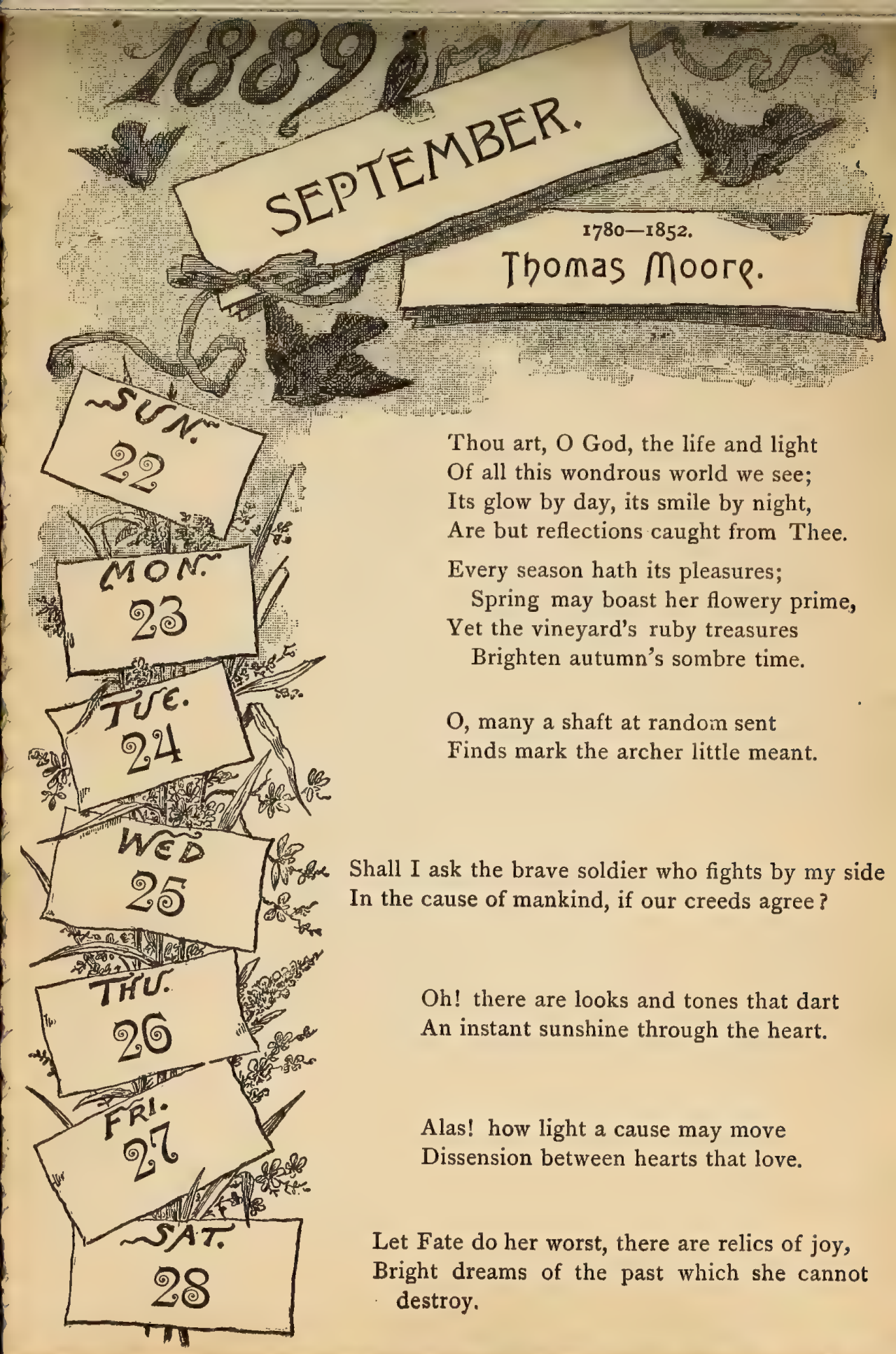
To commit the least possible sin is the law for man. To live without sin is the dream of an angel.

O implacable march of human society!
Destruction of men and souls marking its path!

To scheme and to execute are two different things, as different as to dream and to do.

To be steeped too deeply in realities is in itself a cause of visionary moods.

It is a beautiful thing to model a statue and give it life; to mould an intelligence and instill truth therein is still more beautiful.



Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.

Every season hath its pleasures;
Spring may boast her flowery prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten autumn's sombre time.

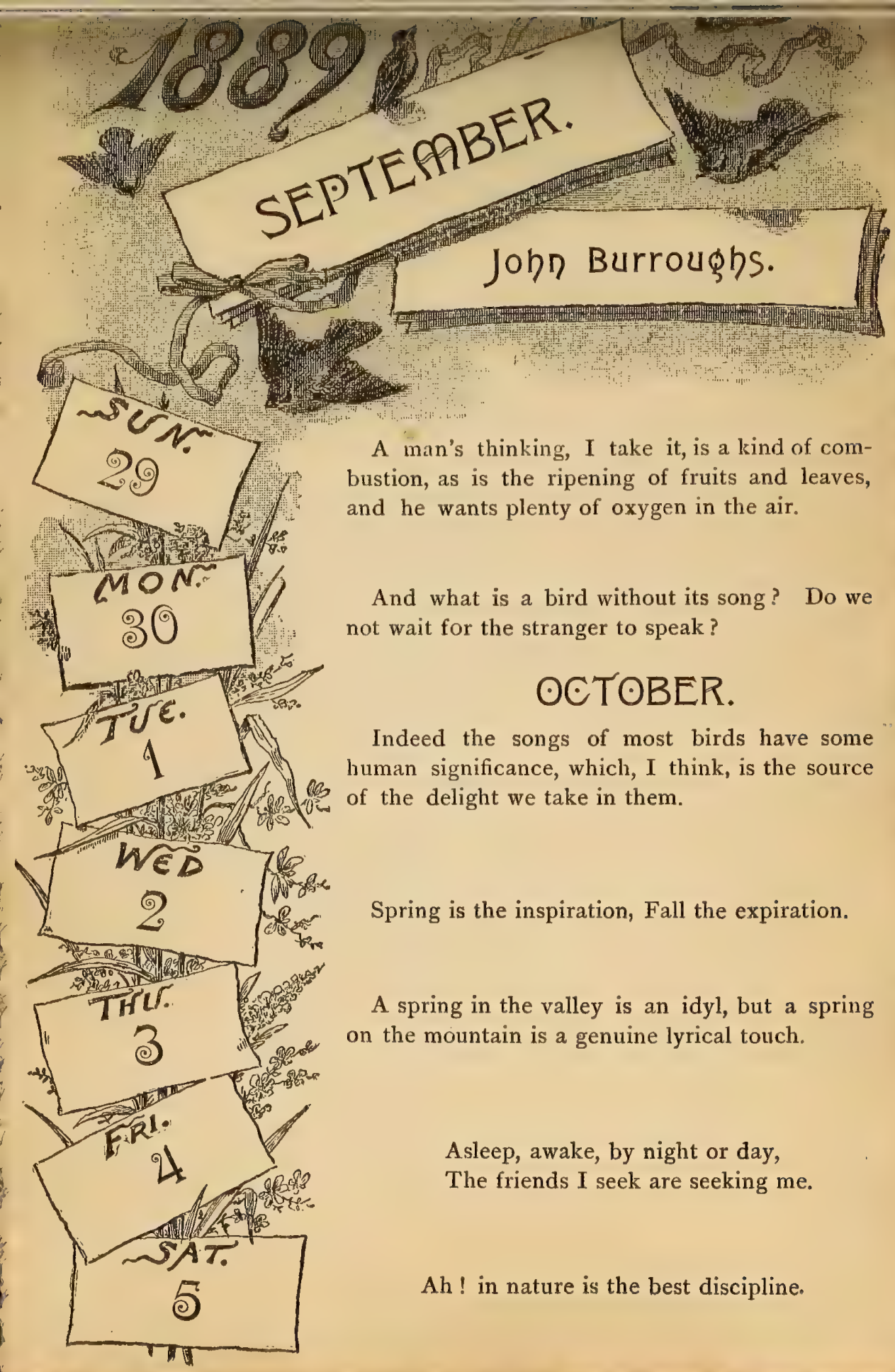
O, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy.



A man's thinking, I take it, is a kind of combustion, as is the ripening of fruits and leaves, and he wants plenty of oxygen in the air.

And what is a bird without its song? Do we not wait for the stranger to speak?

OCTOBER.

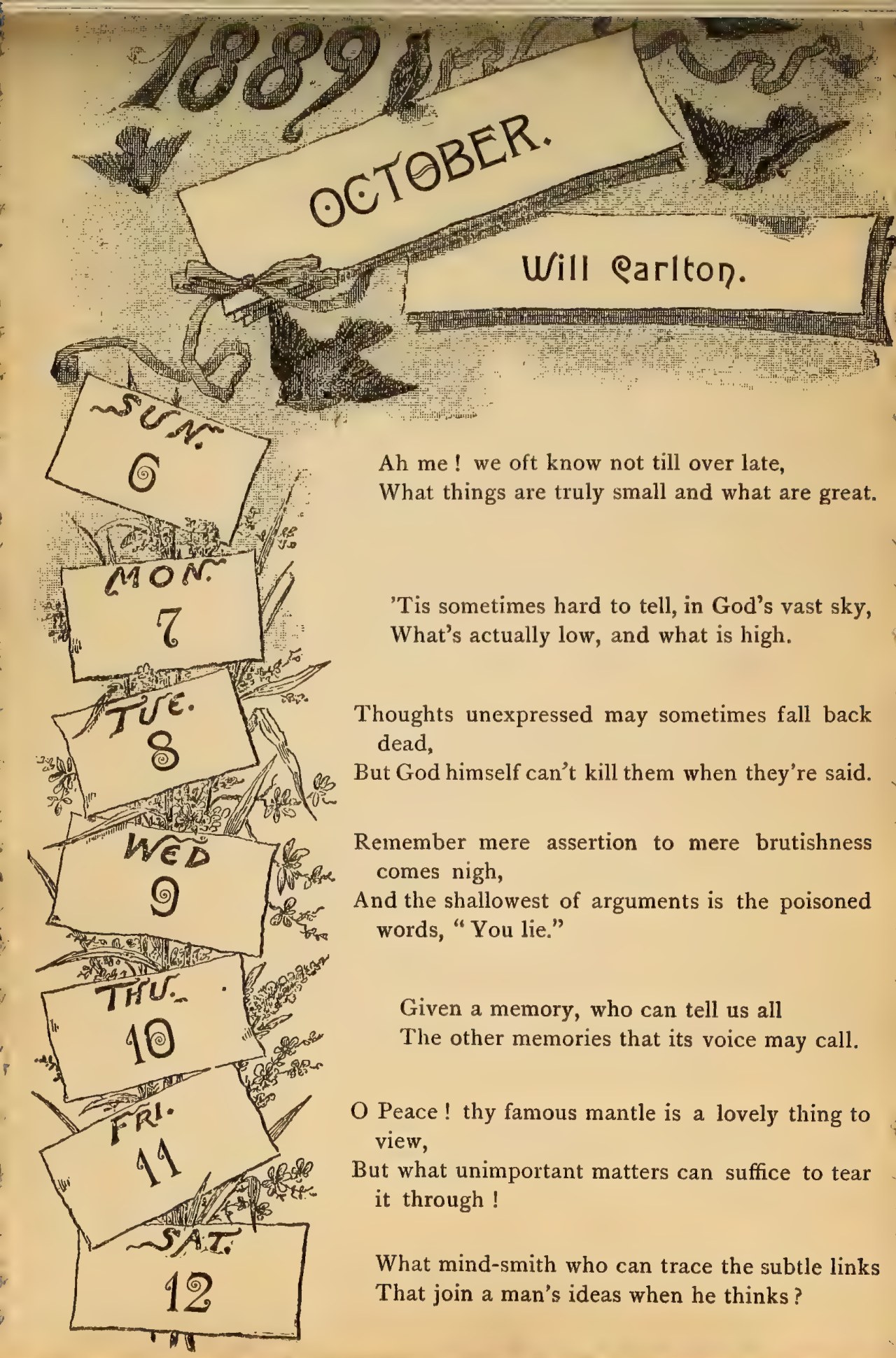
Indeed the songs of most birds have some human significance, which, I think, is the source of the delight we take in them.

Spring is the inspiration, Fall the expiration.

A spring in the valley is an idyl, but a spring on the mountain is a genuine lyrical touch.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me.

Ah! in nature is the best discipline.



Ah me! we oft know not till over late,
What things are truly small and what are great.

'Tis sometimes hard to tell, in God's vast sky,
What's actually low, and what is high.

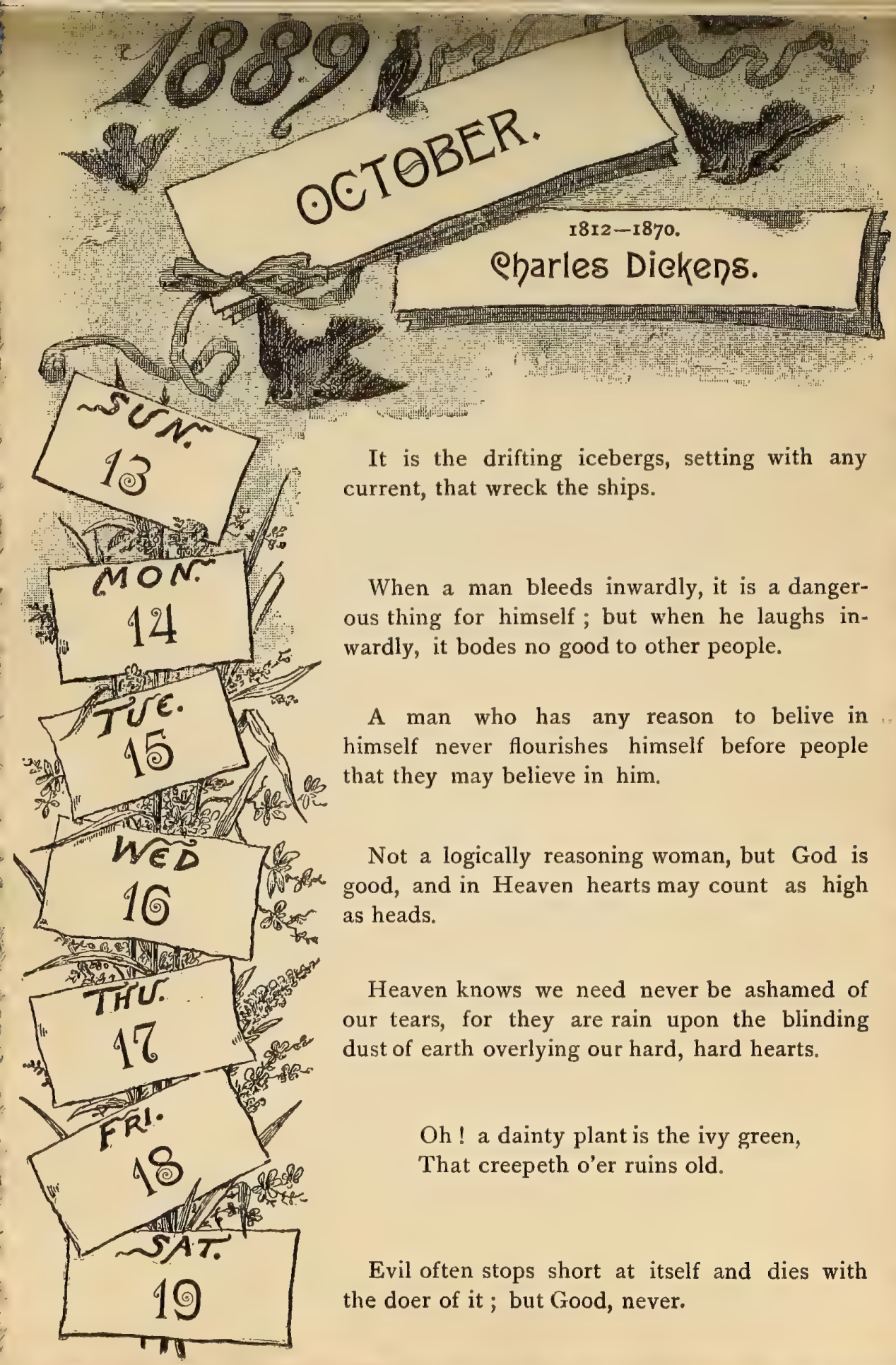
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

Remember mere assertion to mere brutishness comes nigh,
And the shallowest of arguments is the poisoned words, "You lie."

Given a memory, who can tell us all
The other memories that its voice may call.

O Peace! thy famous mantle is a lovely thing to view,
But what unimportant matters can suffice to tear it through!

What mind-smith who can trace the subtle links
That join a man's ideas when he thinks?



It is the drifting icebergs, setting with any current, that wreck the ships.

When a man bleeds inwardly, it is a dangerous thing for himself; but when he laughs inwardly, it bodes no good to other people.

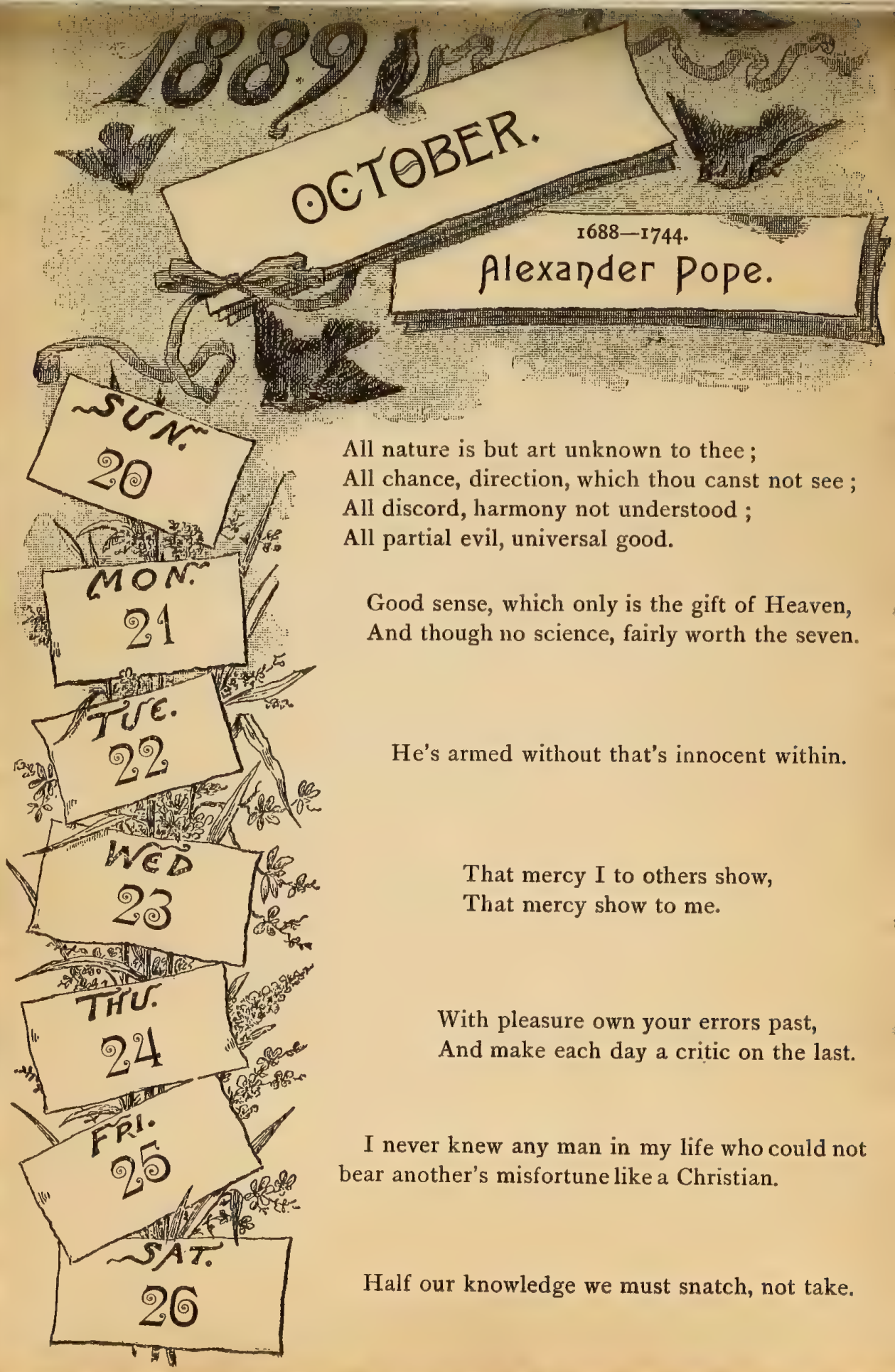
A man who has any reason to belive in himself never flourishes himself before people that they may believe in him.

Not a logically reasoning woman, but God is good, and in Heaven hearts may count as high as heads.

Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth overlying our hard, hard hearts.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old.

Evil often stops short at itself and dies with the doer of it; but Good, never.



All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

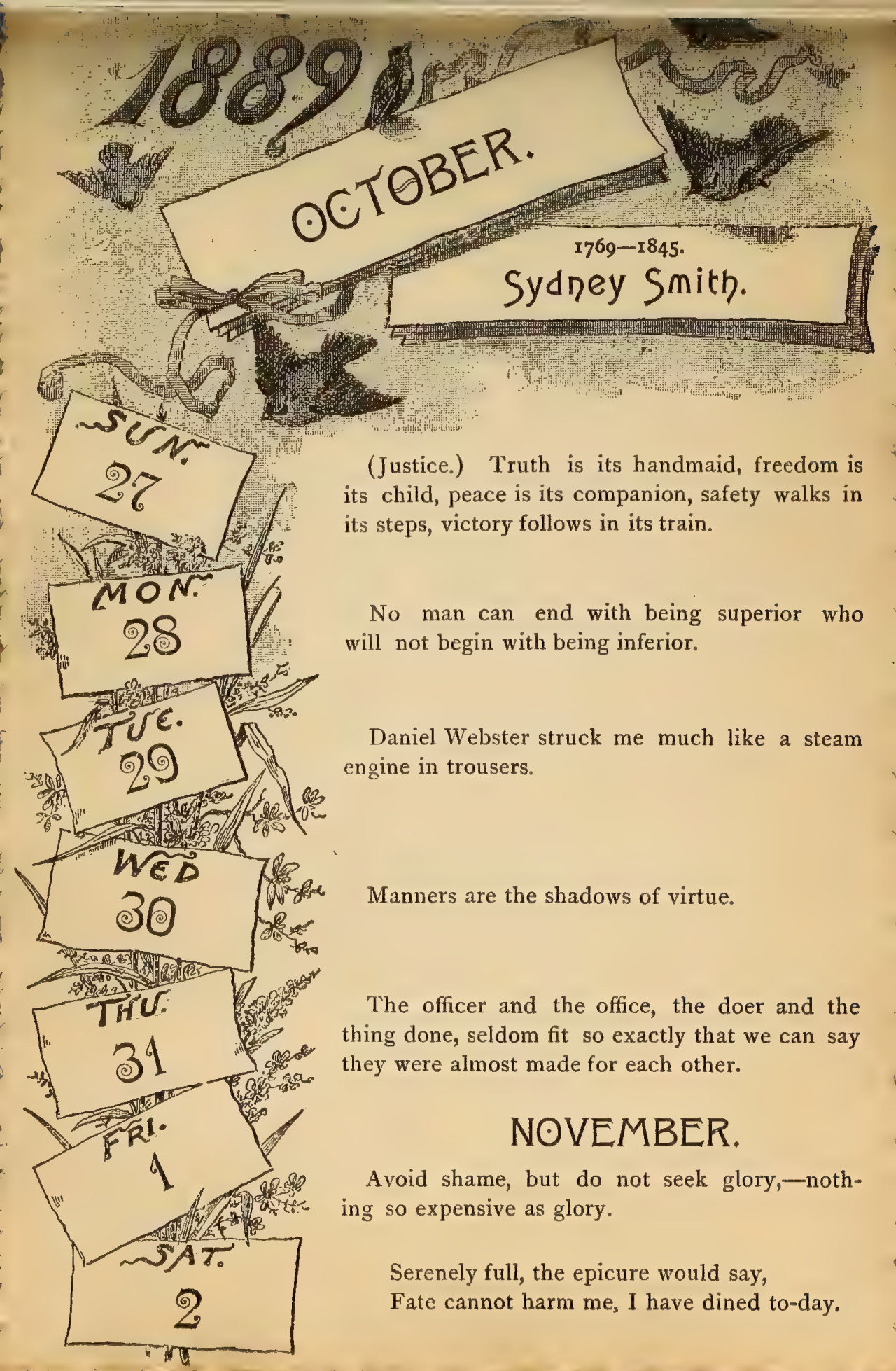
He's armed without that's innocent within.

That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

With pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortune like a Christian.

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.



(Justice.) Truth is its handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train.

No man can end with being superior who will not begin with being inferior.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam engine in trousers.

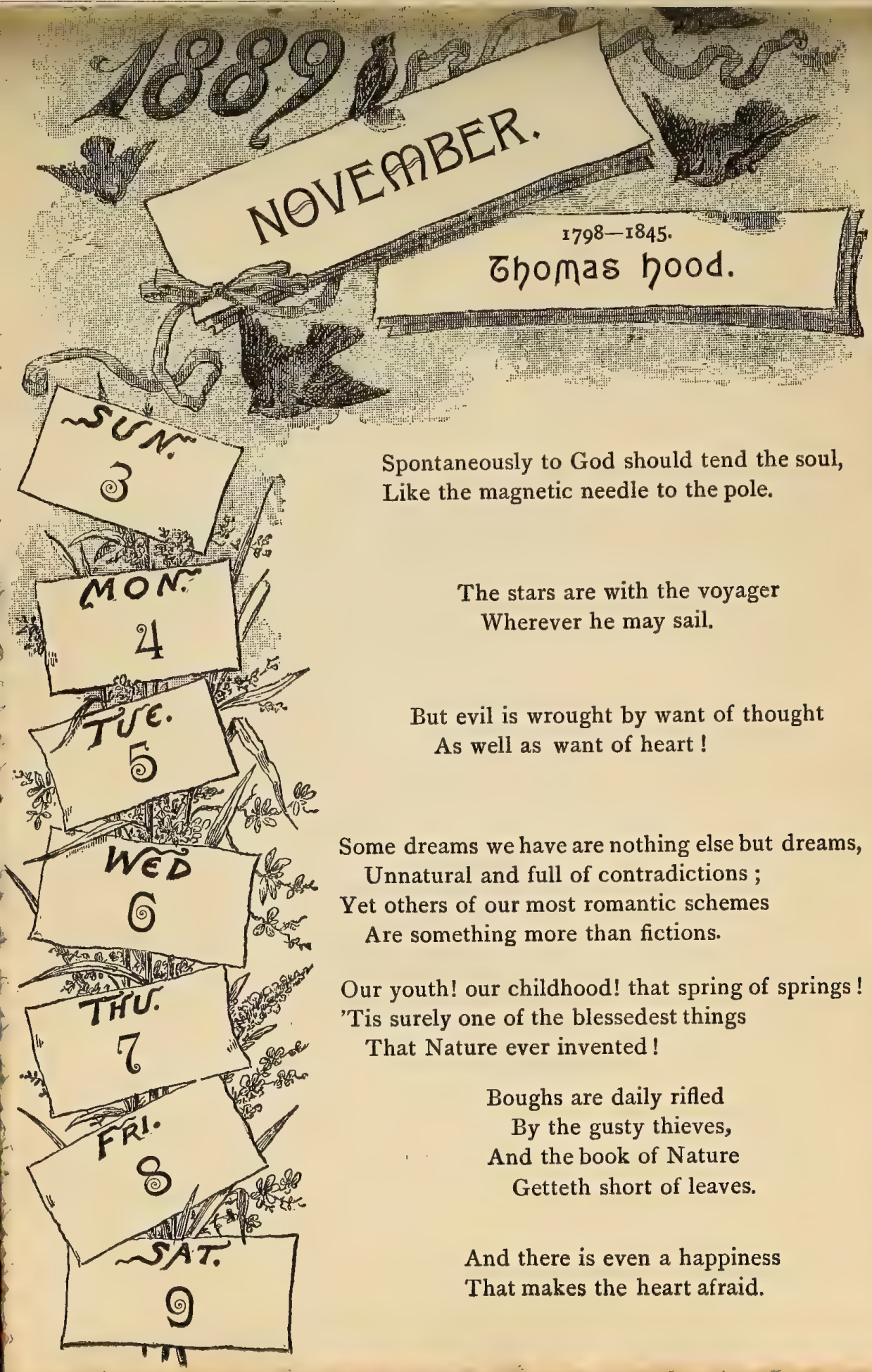
Manners are the shadows of virtue.

The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.

NOVEMBER.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory,—nothing so expensive as glory.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.



Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the pole.

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail.

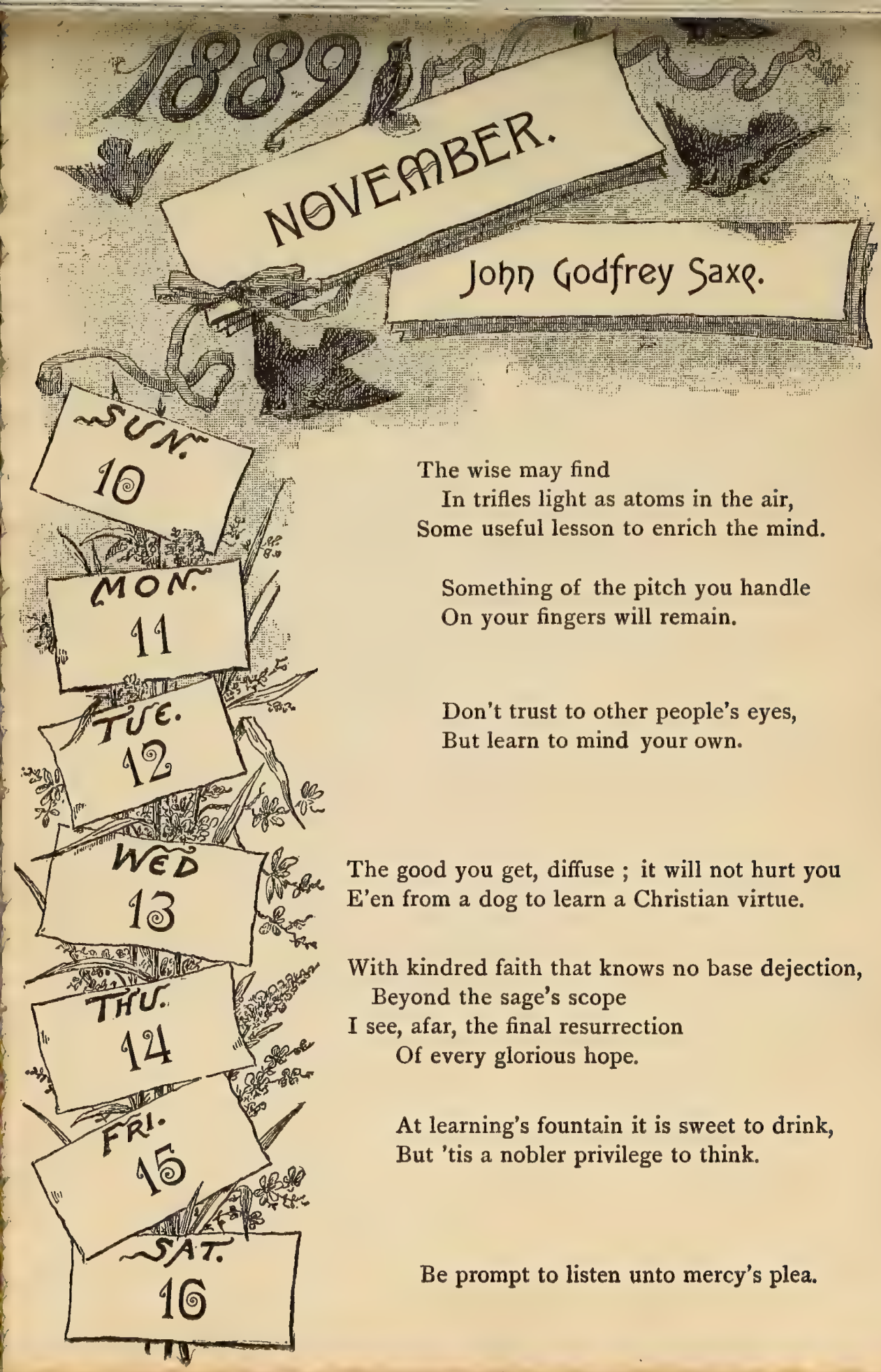
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart!

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural and full of contradictions;
Yet others of our most romantic schemes
Are something more than fictions.

Our youth! our childhood! that spring of springs!
'Tis surely one of the blessedest things
That Nature ever invented!

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.



The wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air,
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind.

Something of the pitch you handle
On your fingers will remain.

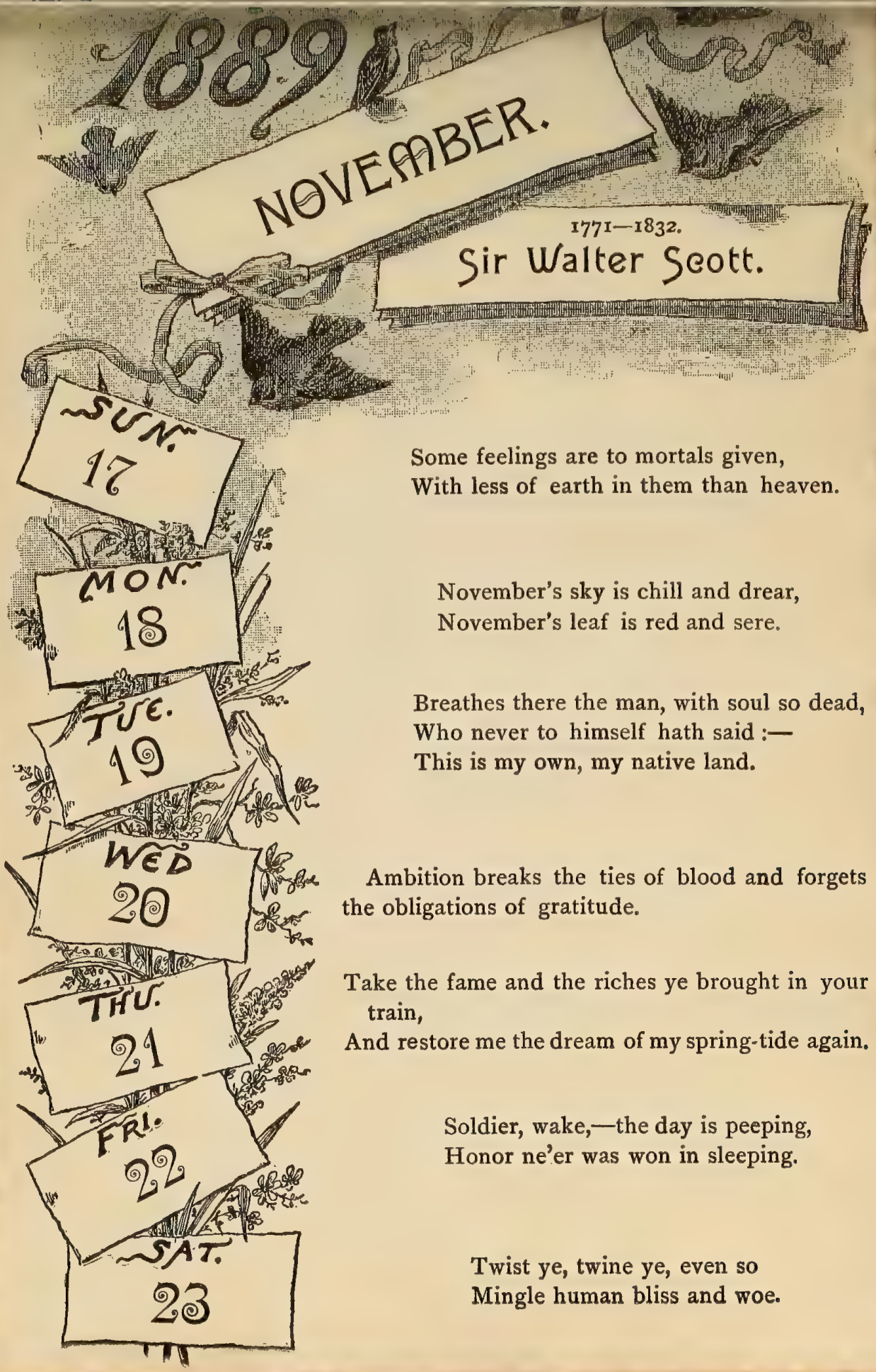
Don't trust to other people's eyes,
But learn to mind your own.

The good you get, diffuse ; it will not hurt you
E'en from a dog to learn a Christian virtue.

With kindred faith that knows no base dejection,
Beyond the sage's scope
I see, afar, the final resurrection
Of every glorious hope.

At learning's fountain it is sweet to drink,
But 'tis a nobler privilege to think.

Be prompt to listen unto mercy's plea.



Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere.

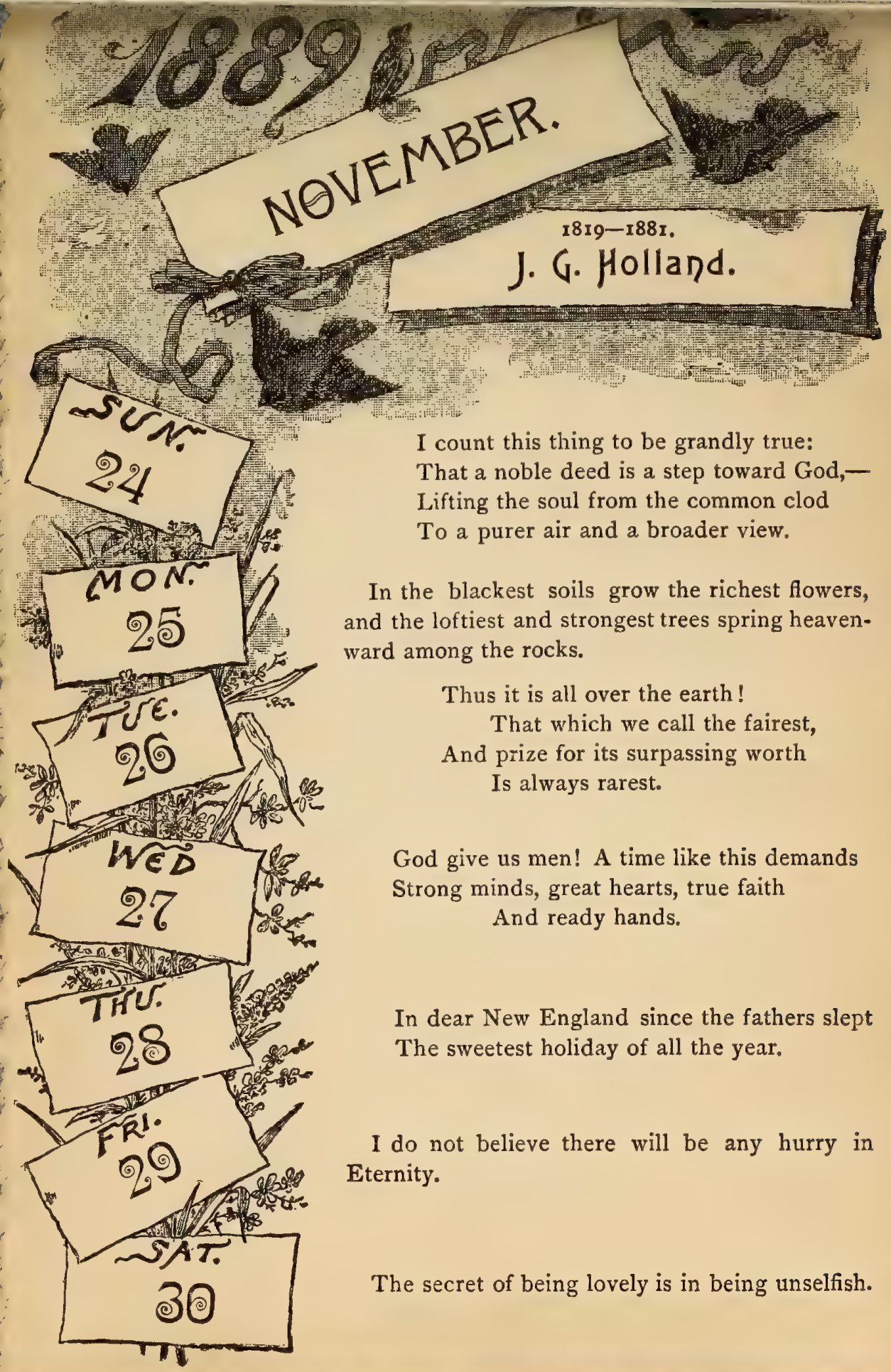
Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said :—
This is my own, my native land.

Ambition breaks the ties of blood and forgets the obligations of gratitude.

Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again.

Soldier, wake,—the day is peeping,
Honor ne'er was won in sleeping.

Twist ye, twine ye, even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.



I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.

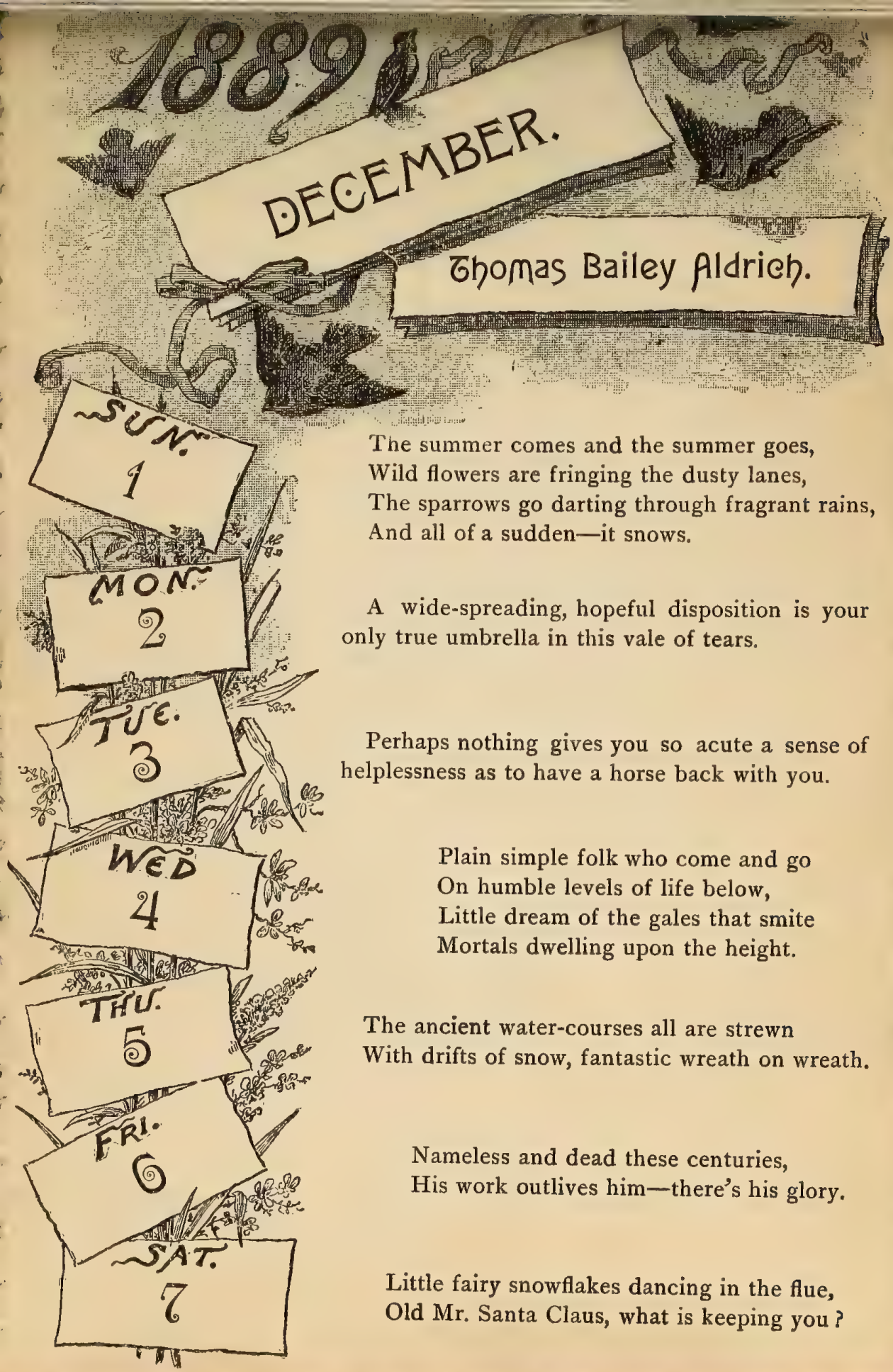
Thus it is all over the earth!
That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth
Is always rarest.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith
And ready hands.

In dear New England since the fathers slept
The sweetest holiday of all the year.

I do not believe there will be any hurry in Eternity.

The secret of being lovely is in being unselfish.



The summer comes and the summer goes,
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The sparrows go darting through fragrant rains,
And all of a sudden—it snows.

A wide-spreading, hopeful disposition is your only true umbrella in this vale of tears.

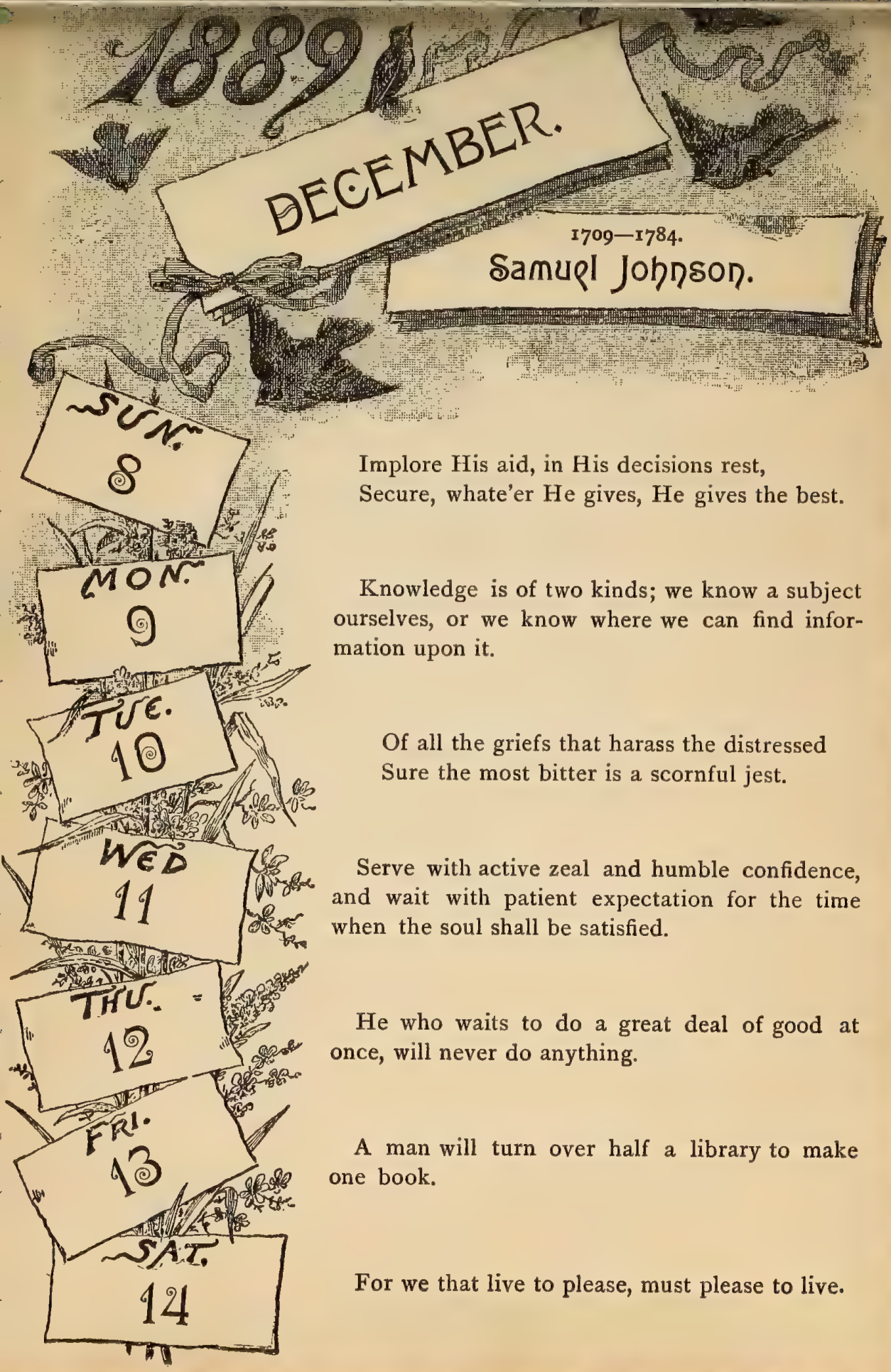
Perhaps nothing gives you so acute a sense of helplessness as to have a horse back with you.

Plain simple folk who come and go
On humble levels of life below,
Little dream of the gales that smite
Mortals dwelling upon the height.

The ancient water-courses all are strewn
With drifts of snow, fantastic wreath on wreath.

Nameless and dead these centuries,
His work outlives him—there's his glory.

Little fairy snowflakes dancing in the flue,
Old Mr. Santa Claus, what is keeping you?



Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.

Knowledge is of two kinds; we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

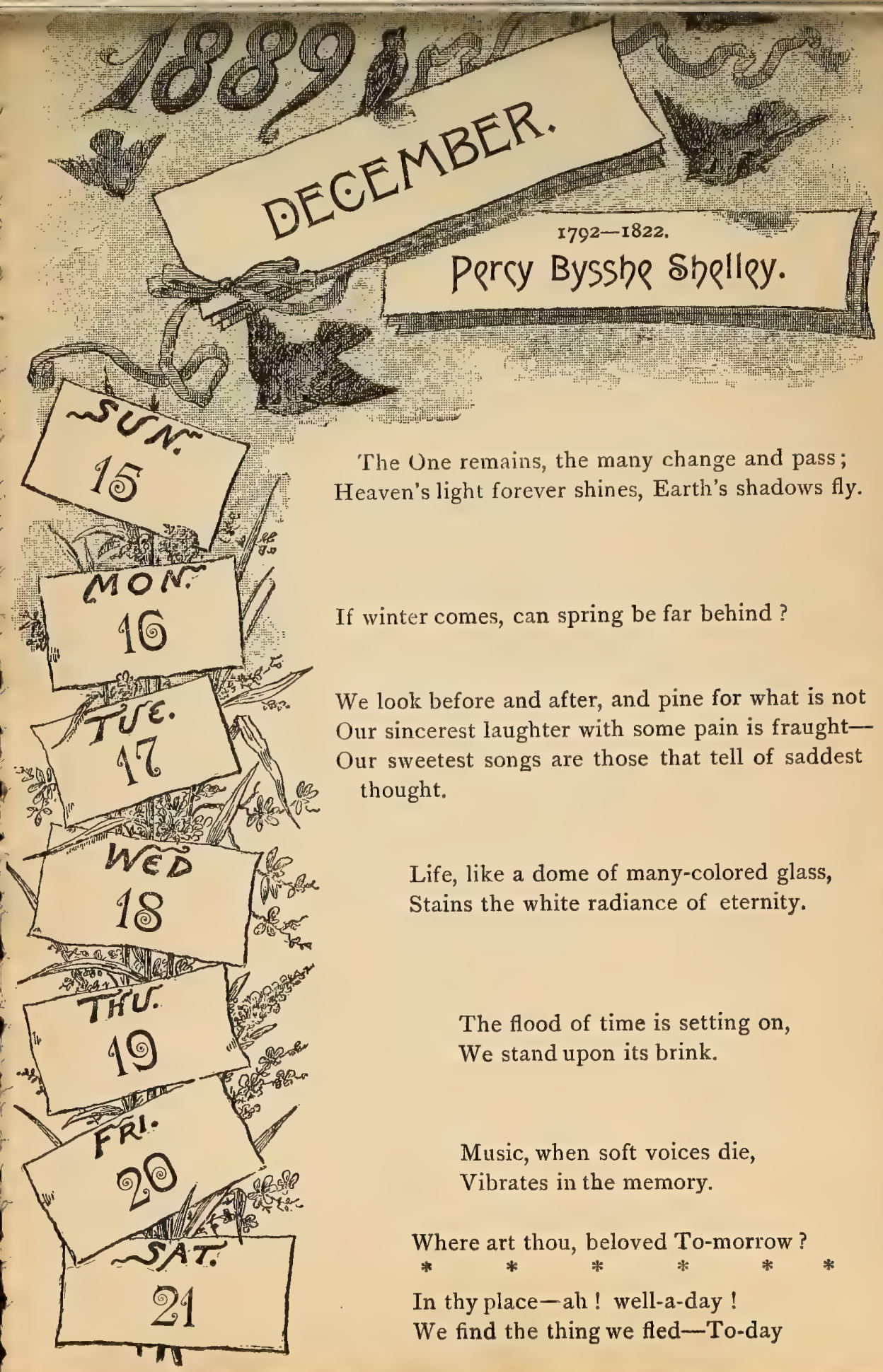
Of all the griefs that harass the distressed
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

Serve with active zeal and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time when the soul shall be satisfied.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything.

A man will turn over half a library to make one book.

For we that live to please, must please to live.



The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly.

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

We look before and after, and pine for what is not
Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught—
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

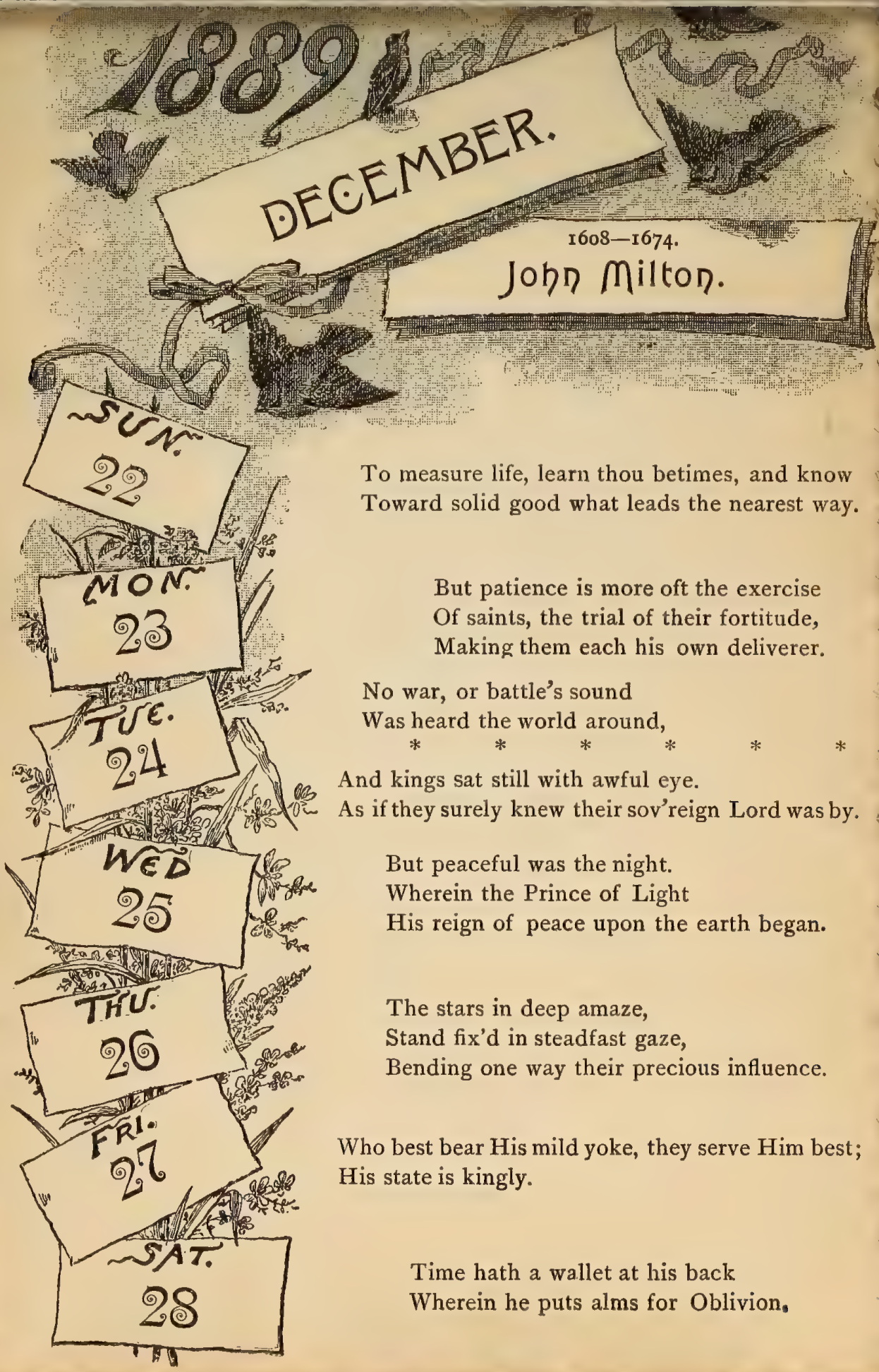
The flood of time is setting on,
We stand upon its brink.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.

Where art thou, beloved To-morrow?

* * * * * *

In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To-day



To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way.

But patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
Making them each his own deliverer.

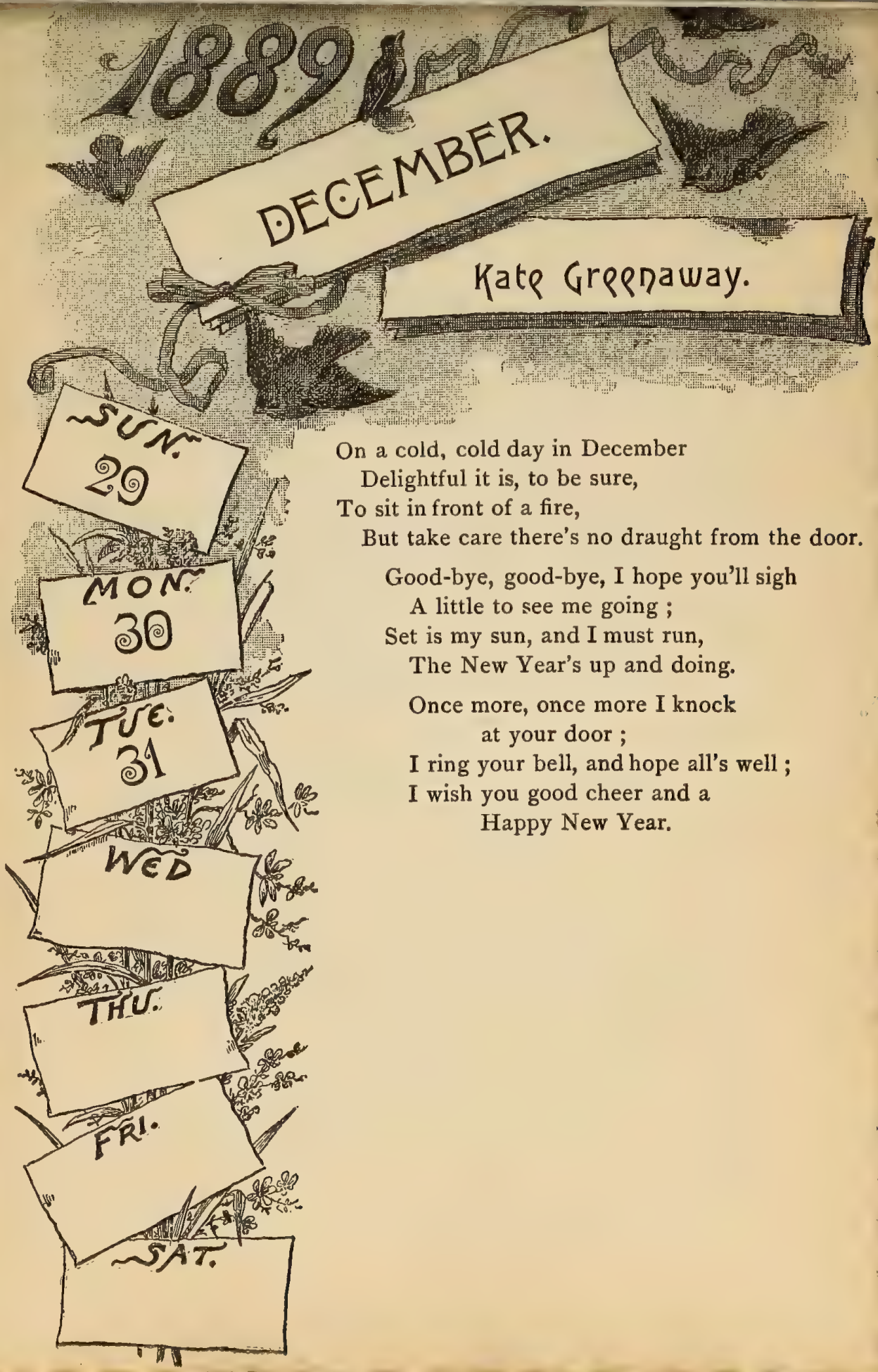
No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
* * * * * *
And kings sat still with awful eye.
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night.
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

The stars in deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence.

Who best bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best;
His state is kingly.

Time hath a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion.



On a cold, cold day in December
Delightful it is, to be sure,
To sit in front of a fire,
But take care there's no draught from the door.

Good-bye, good-bye, I hope you'll sigh
A little to see me going ;
Set is my sun, and I must run,
The New Year's up and doing.

Once more, once more I knock
at your door ;
I ring your bell, and hope all's well ;
I wish you good cheer and a
Happy New Year.

1889

	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
JAN.	..	..	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	..	..
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
FEB.	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	..	..
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
MARCH	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31	..	..	..	..	..	..
APRIL	..	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	..	..	..	..
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
MAY	..	..	..	1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	..
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
JUNE	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	..	..	..	..	..	..

	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
JULY	..	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31	..	..	..
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
AUGUST	..	..	..	..	1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
SEPT'R	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	..	..	..	..	..
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
OCT'R	..	..	1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	..	..
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
NOV'R	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
DEC'R	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31	..	..	..	..
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